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The Week

ANY who still cherish the hope that the Democratic party offers a real alternative for the Republican in national policy should note the final debates and vote on the taxation bill in the Senate. If political scientists had had the power to arrange a controlled experiment as a crucial test of whether there is any fundamental difference in the economic behavior of the two parties they could not have devised a better one than reaction to the issue of tax reduction. The wealthy men and corporations who have chosen the Republican party as their instrument have a clearly defined policy which they have made their chief aim for two administrations. They have desired as far as possible to relieve themselves of taxes. For this purpose they fathered the economy slogan. For this purpose they determined to use any surplus for lowering of tax rates. They developed ingenious arguments to prove that reducing income taxes for the rich would help the average man, and have stood consistently for abolition of estate levies. As the active head of the drive they picked one of the three or four richest men in the country. This program is at almost every point open to dangerous attack by anyone having at heart the interest of the nation and the great low-income majority. Anyone wishing to attack it has at his disposal a whole arsenal of telling economic analysis, which is capable of being converted into political propaganda of the first order. Any politician not subservient to the organized wealth back of the Republican proposal would surely have seized such a golden opportunity.

YET the Democrats have not done so. The only alteration of consequence which they have demanded, and the one of which they seem proudest, is a reduction below that in the Republican bill for those with incomes between $24,000 and $100,000. Far more intelligent criticism of the extreme Republican position has come from William Green, Republican Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Far more serious opposition to the worst features of the bill is coming from Republican independents in the Senate. How can one account for the abject acquiescence of the Democrats on the most crucial economic issue presented to Congress in a decade? Perhaps they really are so stupid and complacent that they honestly agree with the Republicans. Perhaps, on the other hand, they are so dependent on the same sources of campaign funds and on the same press as the Republicans that they think disagreement with the program would injure their future as a going concern. And perhaps, if that is what they think, they are right in thinking it. But in any case the cat is out of the bag. After this self-exposure the Democrats cannot pretend that they are a reliable means of carrying out any policy seriously opposed by the interests who favor the Mellon plan.

VARIOUS stories are told in Washington of the motives which have prompted different Democratic Senators to favor particular clauses in the bill of the Finance Committee. One southern Senator is alleged to have profited largely from recent land speculations and he is anxious to have the publicity clause repealed so that he can conceal the amount of his profits from inquisitive and unsympathetic constituents. Other Democratic Senators are said to have been convinced of the undesirability of the

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estate tax because of the deductions which it would effect in the amount of money which, under the will of the late Mr. Duke, would go to the educational institutions of North Carolina. We cannot vouch for the truth of these stories, but it is evident that the behavior of the Democratic leaders is being determined by special and local rather than general motives. Such motives dominate the attitude of ordinary men towards public questions, but politicians are supposed to subordinate them to the necessities of party discipline and party action or to some common ideas of public policy. The Democrats have ceased in national politics to embody an impulse of cohesion.

THE little band of progressives in the Senate voted almost to a man against the adhesion by this country to the World Court. Yet in their individual convictions these men are undoubtedly more sincerely opposed to war than are many of the Senators who voted for the protocol. What is the explanation of this discrepancy? It is, we believe, largely the reflection of personal or sectional suspicions and resentments. The progressives are inclined to suspect any proposal which is favorably regarded and vigorously backed by the financial and political leaders of the eastern states. They detect the existence of a disposition among all political leaders and bankers with European connections and interests to place the resources of this country too much at the service of Europe. This distrust of the progressives in proposals which originate among eastern Americans with European alliances is not wholly unreasonable. Americans of this class have always been colonial in their attitude towards Europe and their point of view is more influenced by the interests, opinions and valuations of their European associates than by the interests and the outlook of their more remote American fellow-countrymen. During the War this class conceived of America chiefly as the financial and political handmaid of Europe. The reluctance of the western progressives to favor new commitments in Europe is a reaction of the insurgent West against this lingering colonialism of the more regular and complaisant people of the East.

STINGING criticism of the Federal Trade Commission, the Department of Justice and Attorney General Sargent is contained in the proposed majority report by Senator Walsh for the Senate committee which has been investigating the handling of the Aluminum Company case. In effect, Senator Walsh declares there is no hope of getting a real investigation from the Department of Justice, and asks the Senate to empower its own committee to make an inquiry to ascertain whether the Aluminum Company of America has violated the law. He calls the refusal of the Federal Trade Commission to turn over its evidence to the Department of Justice "senseless" and says of Mr. Sargent that "it is not too much to expect that [the Attorney General] will at least be informed concerning a charge by his predecessor and another branch of the government, in effect, that a fellow member of the Cabinet, at least a corporation of which he is the dominant factor, has been guilty of contemptuous disregard of an injunction of a Federal Court." He comments on the extraordinary attitude of the Department in deferring proceedings until the investigation of alleged illegal acts by the Aluminum Company could be brought down to date and asks why, in view of the statute of limitations, this was done "unless, indeed, there was a purpose to condone infractions dating from earlier than 1923 if they were not persisted in thereafter." He also recites the facts, which have been reported in the daily press, as to the trivial, incompetent and futile character of the Department's long-drawn-out "investigation" of that part of the testimony before the Federal Trade Commission which was made available.

IT WILL be said of course that Senator Walsh's report is "politics." The same thing was said in the early stages of the oil lease scandals, and the exposure of the rottenness in the Department of Justice during Daugherty's régime. Senator Walsh's own record would be convincing refutation of the charge, even if the recorded facts which he recites did not sweep it aside. No accusation of personal wrongdoing has been made against Secretary Mellon, nor is there any reason to suppose that he has been cognizant of what was going on. What is shown is an extraordinary tenderness on the part of the Department of Justice toward a corporation controlled, actually if not technically, by a Cabinet officer. Such a situation is not very surprising, in an administration like the present one, wherein the President thinks it quite natural to ask that a report of an important government body be delayed for months because of its possible political repercussion and, equally as a matter of course, requires prospective appointees to important posts to file with him their resignations in advance. It is no wonder that Mr. Mellon's business interests have been shielded. As we have previously pointed out, when one of the richest men in the United States is given a leading place in an administration openly dedicated to the deification of big business, this sort of thing is inevitable. The only hope that government will continue to function at all, as regards Mr. Mellon and his kind, lies in the activities of men like Senator Walsh. There is every reason for the Senate to grant his request, and conduct on its own account the investigation of the Aluminum Company of America which the Department of Justice has shown itself morally incompetent to make.

A CLEAR-CUT fight as to whether an important natural resource shall be publicly or privately owned and operated is now in progress in New York state.

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Governor Smith has sent a message to the Legislature demanding the repeal of the Miller law, which permits the state's enormous potential hydro-electric power to be turned over to private individuals, and asking the substitution of a State Power Authority for the present Water Power Commission, the members of which are committed to the policy of private development and operation. He has also asked that the Hughes Commission, now engaged in planning a reorganization of the state government, should work out a policy in regard to the future disposition of the state's water power. Haste is needed in this matter. The existing Water Power Commission seems to be determined to give away the state's water power resources as speedily and completely as it can, and unless it is halted, there will soon be nothing left. We need hardly again recite to our readers the reasons for believing that state ownership and operation of New York's water power are to be preferred to any sort of private operation, and most of all, to the sort of private operation which the present Water Power Commission is trying to set up. We wish Governor Smith all success in his efforts to halt one of the most barefaced attempts to swindle the people out of their rights in a generation.

NO tears need be shed over the decision to postpone the meeting of the preparatory commission for the Disarmament Conference to a date not later than May 15. In this case the postponement enhances the chance that the commission will be able to come to an agreement when it finally does meet, and by so much minimizes the possibility of an open breakdown of negotiations. The fact is that France is not at the moment ready for a conference, even a preliminary one. It is true that Germany is still charged by the Allies with not having carried out the disarmament stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles; and that the U. S. S. R. goes on pretending to believe that all her representatives are likely to suffer the fate of Vorovsky if they set foot on Swiss soil. These however are not the chief obstacles to immediate action. France dissents from the viewpoint of England and the United States that military and naval armaments should be considered in separate conferences. She wants to set her army over against the British fleet. She contends, not without reason, that only by considering all the factors in preparedness, including industrial resources, can you come to a fair idea of a nation's strength. Here is a gap in viewpoint which needs to be bridged, at least as far as is possible, before beginning the process of openly arriving at open covenants.

IF Mr. William B. Ward still remembers his Latin, some rusty pedant should have whispered in his ear, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Enough people were already apprehensive of the projected billion-dollar "bread trust" so that all that was necessary to arouse widespread suspicion was the announcement accompanying its incorporation that it is really organized not for profit but for charity. Billion-dollar corporations, like the Greeks before Troy, may be endured and even admired as long as they behave like normally covetous warriors, but when they sneak in with gifts they are rightfully suspect. After payment of dividends on the preferred stock, says Mr. Ward, profits are to be used for insuring the right of children to health, education, etc. before anything is paid on the common. In that case, he was asked, how do you expect to make common stock attractive to investors? Oh well, he replied, it is not being sold now anyway; a share of it is to be given away with every share of preferred. In other words the whole paid-in capital of the concern is represented by other issues than the common stock, which represents only expected additional profits. That brings up the whole question of the right of the community to share in such increments. Mr. Ward is apparently conscious of this question and has made a concession—perhaps a sincere one—to those who ask it. But why should directors of a baking corporation be the guardians of child welfare, or indeed of any use of social surplus? We recommend to the suspicious attention to this question, rather than an anti-trust drive to break up large-scale operations which would also destroy their economies and the surplus.

BRITAIN'S debt settlement with Italy shows how much more realistic her statesmen are in financial matters than our own. Italy pays England £4,000,000 annually for two years, and £4,500,000 thereafter until the end of the arrangement in 1987. Italy pays us $5,000,000 annually now, and the annuity rises slowly to huge figures in the 1980's. Britain therefore is to receive about four times as much as we in the near future, and much less than we in the distant future. "You may ask," said Winston Churchill, "how does the settlement compare with the settlement of the Italian debt to the United States. . . . The view you take will depend on the relative importance you attach to early payments as against very large payments not maturing for forty, fifty or sixty years." It is evident what view the British Treasury took. They discounted the relative advantage of the United States which will be realized only "if," as Mr. Churchill expressed it, "everything works out in strict accordance with the other arrangements for the next two and a half generations." The thought that the early Italian payments to Britain may be financed by the loans of American bankers to Italy probably broadened Mr. Churchill's inner smile. What adds to the joke is that the British loan to Italy was secured by an Italian deposit of £22,200,000 gold in the Bank of England, which will now be remitted in small annual instalments, and which, oddly enough, has been and probably will continue to be counted at the same time as part of the gold reserves back of the currencies of both nations.

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IF, as is intimated, the New York Stock Exchange will answer Professor William Z. Ripley's criticism of the new methods of corporate organization by barring non-voting common stock unless it is guaranteed voting rights in the event of any sudden crisis in the affairs of the corporation, it will have provided a half-hearted remedy for one minor aspect of a major evil. Mr. Ripley argued in general that when the owners of a great business enterprise are deprived of a voice in its management we have lost the old principle of responsible ownership, which is the chief justification of the capitalist order. He pointed out that stock owners are today deprived of control in three ways; (a) by reorganizations in which the issuance of non-voting common stock to the public finances the project, while the voting stock is closely held by interests who have put no financial stake in the concern; (b) by intricate holding corporations, and other intermediary bodies such as investment trusts, insurance companies, etc., and (c) by wide popular distribution of stock among employes and consumers, who have no practical way of knowing what their company is doing or acting in concert against minority interests. Nothing the Stock Exchange could do would substantially alter the realities of this situation. We must face the fact that the size and elaboration of modern big business is such that most stockholders cannot possibly know enough or have enough power to be held responsible for management except in a tenuous legalistic sense. The old theory has irreparably broken down.

INTERSTATE Commerce Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman, speaking in behalf of a majority of the Commission, has given Congress some valuable advice as to railroad consolidations. At present, the Commission is under a legal obligation to adopt a comprehensive scheme of consolidation and use it as a guide in approving or disapproving specific proposals. It has not, however, adopted the plan prepared for it by Professor William Z. Ripley and tentatively approved, because so many conflicting objections arose in hearings that the Commission became sceptical of its ability wisely to foresee all the important results under this plan or any other. The Commission therefore wants to be relieved of the duty of adopting a general plan. It wants to proceed step by step, experimentally. Mr. Eastman voiced a doubt whether the present indiscriminate approval of any and every consolidation is any more soundly based than the former fear of all combinations. Much may be done by coöperation, large size is not necessarily a guarantee of efficient operation, and combination may lead to insupportable exercise of power by a few private persons. In respect of particular consolidations the Commission wants more clearly defined powers than it now has. It wants to be sure that there is no escape from federal control of consolidation via the state commissions. It wants to have validated its right to pass upon combinations by stock purchase or lease as well as by actual consolidation: both have the same general effect, but the former have sometimes been employed to escape the legal control over the latter, though from the point of view of public service they are often inferior. It wants to be able to attach modifications and conditions to its approval—such as that a certain carrier must be included. These and other changes of the law facilitating its work are heartily to be commended.

THE last vestiges of freedom of speech and of the press are disappearing in Italy. The King has signed the new law confiscating the property and annulling the citizenship of all hostile critics of the Mussolini *régime*; civil government has been abolished in all the small communities; and the opposition press has been forced to change its tune or suspend. The Rome correspondent of the Manchester Guardian the other day recently recorded some of the achievements of the Fascisti in muzzling the newspapers. Senator Albertini, editor of the Milan Corriere della Sera has been forced to resign, through the discovery of a technical flaw in his contract. Several of his important colleagues have followed him, and the paper has become a sycophantic Fascist sheet. The Stampa of Turin and the Mattino of Naples have both met the same fate. The former was suppressed for a month, and permitted to reappear only after the dismissal of its editors, one of whom was the noted Professor Salvatorelli.

The World Court and After

AFTER almost four years of argument and agitation the Senate has ratified by a handsome majority the protocol which provides for the adhesion of the United States to the World Court. The minority polled so small a fraction of the final vote that an alien observer might be tempted to infer that it had been from the start a sham battle. On the contrary it was a real contest with for a while an extremely doubtful ending. When the protocol was first submitted to the Senate by President Harding, the animosities and suspicions, which the battle over the proposed participation in the League of Nations had aroused, were still fresh, and fresh also was the popular endorsement of the refusal to sign which the anti-Leaguers had obtained in the election of 1920. In spite of a nominal peace European governments were still warring on one another and a powerful faction in this country was demanding American intervention in the quarrel. Their opponents unreasonably, but still not unnaturally, were disposed to regard the protocol as a renewal of the attempt to involve the United States in essentially European struggles. If the administration had pressed for early action and mustered all its resources to obtain a victory over its opponents, the

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proposal would probably have been defeated. The opposition was much more formidable then than it has recently proved to be, but its weakness was that it could put up a less successful resistance to a siege than to an assault.

The idea of an assault was fortunately abandoned and a siege was undertaken by people with patience, determination and ability to use the right weapons. The entrance of the United States into the World Court is not, it should be clearly understood, chiefly a triumph for the Republican administration. The administration, it is true, initiated the proposal and supported it and in that sense is responsible for its success, but Mr. Coolidge's support has been lukewarm and has cost him little. If the adoption of the protocol had depended chiefly on his efforts or those of his Secretary of State, it would never have been adopted. He has not contributed effectively to the task of gradually undermining or disarming the opposition and of educating American public opinion to a recognition of the sheer national egotism which would have been implied by a refusal to submit our justiciable disputes with other nations to the great common international tribunal. That task was undertaken by individuals and associations which wished this country to participate in the organization of world peace and which have for several years camped on the threshold of the Senators' offices. Little by little they have created a public opinion in favor of the proposal which the ordinary politician could not ignore. They were aided, of course, by the steady deflation of the old animosities and suspicions, but tenacious and aggressive agitation was needed in order to take advantage of the better feeling. The intelligent and indefatigable pressure of women's organizations on the Senate was the most important ingredient in this agitation. In fact, the adhesion of the United States to the World Court is to a considerable extent an evidence of the increased power and influence of organized women in American politics.

American public opinion is undoubtedly assuming a more reasonable and realistic attitude towards coöperation by the United States with Europe. In this country also the acrimonious and apprehensive spirit of 1918 and 1919 is fading out and questions which involve the relations of the United States to Europe are more likely hereafter to be considered on their specific merits. Since the outbreak of the World War it has been difficult to have them considered in this way. The party which wished the United States to assume an unlimited liability for the political and economic welfare of Europe was carrying on a loud debate with the party which wished so far as possible to keep the United States entirely separate from Europe. The smaller group, whose members were suspicious of absolutes and wished the United States to keep an open mind and to be ready to assume limited liabilities if and when the occasion justified, were submerged under the torrents of words with which the thorough-going pro-Europeans or anti-Europeans obscured the issue. Nevertheless American adhesion to the World Court is a sound embodiment of their principle of limited liability and will, we hope, constitute the beginning of a less isolationist policy.

American internationalists are disposed to interpret the ratification of the protocol as a long step in the direction of closer coöperation between the United States and Europe. The correctness of this interpretation depends upon what they mean by the word coöperation. From the course of the recent debate it is clear that a preponderant American public opinion is as much opposed as it was in 1919 to the assumption of the kind of responsibilities in Europe which were implied by Article X of the Covenant or the proposed Anglo-American guarantee of the French Rhine frontier. But if they mean by coöperation the gradual multiplication of specific agreements which tend to increase the participation of the United States in the administration of a legal international community, their interpretation is probably correct. Each successive proposal for such coöperation will be and should be discussed on its own merits rather than as the embodiment of a principle which is always right or wrong, but those who are disposed to favor participation will work in a more favorable atmosphere than formerly and they will, it is possible, repeat on many future occasions the victory which they have just won.

It remains true, however, that they are more likely to win victories by sieges than by assaults. They would be unwise at the present time to assume some exposed position which could only be sustained by fast, furious and exhausting fighting. They would be unwise, that is, to risk the increasing credit of their international program on their success in carrying some comparatively risky and contentious proposal. They can afford to bide their time. The events of the next few years will themselves suggest and justify a closer and better organized political and economic coöperation between the United States and Europe than that which now exists. They will increasingly demand some participation by the American government either in the organization of peace or in the adjustment of anxious and puzzling international problems which may lead to war. It is probable, for instance, that the Disarmament Conference before it comes to the end of its deliberations will have to ask the United States to assume some responsibility for European security, such, for instance, as a promise not to trade with a nation which has been legally convicted of aggressive war. It is probable also that within a few years the failure of the Dawes plan to produce reparations in any volume will lead to another crisis in which the American government can hardly avoid playing a part. It will be far wiser for the friends of American coöperation with Europe to wait until opportunities or obligations of this kind are disclosed rather than to agitate in favor of the popular endorsement of some blanket resolution which pro-

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posed increased American financial or political intervention in Europe.

There were and still are many sound reasons why the United States should be wary of assuming liabilities in a Europe which is itself torn by domestic warfare. The American people sensibly drew back in 1919 when they realized that the Europe which the Allied statesmen wished to found on the victory of the Allied armies was not moving in the direction of increased international order, law or justice. But there are equally sound reasons why the United States should modify this withdrawal and consider more sympathetically the idea of cooperating with a Europe the several parts of which had developed some effective desire to coöperate with one another. The Locarno agreements gave for the first time some evidence of a willingness on the part of the great European nations to make genuine sacrifices in the interest of order and a union. They are themselves trying an experiment in the institution of domestic peace in which the United States is not asked to meddle and which would scarcely have been possible if the United States had meddled. As soon as this experiment is carried far enough to set up a reasonable legal and moral presumption in favor of European international reconciliation, then the past and present scruples of the United States will lose much of their force. In that event America can coöperate with Europe in the organization of peace without taking sides or assuming excessively burdensome liabilities.

Americans may wait with interest and hope the unfolding of the consequences of Locarno. If Germany applies for entrance into the League of Nations, if she is allowed to enter as a self-respecting equal and if as a consequence of the adhesion of Germany and a temporary adjustment with Russia, armaments are reduced and the feeling of security spreads, then it will clearly be time for the friends of international peace in this country to begin a renewed agitation in favor of a more comprehensive participation by the United States in the activities and responsibilities of the League of Nations. But the "ifs" are of great importance, and they will not be easy to satisfy. Germany will ask for and cannot justly be refused a reconsideration of the attribution to her in the Treaty of Versailles of exclusive responsibility for the War. She is no less entitled to a revision of her legal liability for reparations. Several years will elapse before these obstacles to European union will be removed; and during the same years, the possible causes of conflict on the Danube and in the Balkans will require careful watching. If Germany is placated, these minor difficulties can be managed, but if she is left with real grievances, the spirit of Locarno will not prevail over the spirit of Versailles. In the meantime the American government will have to watch its step lest it diminish by ignorant and one-sided interference the force of those motives which are now making for European reconciliation. But in deciding upon the occasion and the amount of its participation, American statesmanship will have a clue to follow. For there will be visible on the horizon the shape of a possibly independent and prosperous Europe whose independence and prosperity will be the creation, not of American guarantees, but of the federated unity of its own peoples.

The Klan Sheds Its Hood

THE past few weeks have seen developments in the policies of the Ku Klux Klan, which are the most significant and important since it was revived about six years ago. First comes the fact that the Klan openly and unashamedly devoted itself to political lobbying in its desperate effort to defeat the project for American participation in the World Court. High officials came to Washington and buttonholed Senators as expertly as though they had devoted themselves to this sort of thing all their lives. Pressure was also exerted from back home. Typical were the telegrams received by Senators Fess and Willis of Indiana, a Klan hotbed, from Claude W. Osborne, Grand Dragon for that state, who demanded that the noxious proposal be defeated "in the name of 250,000 Protestant men and women of the state of Ohio." It is true that the Klan's first open attempt to influence national legislation (it has worked behind the scenes on such matters as restriction of immigration) was a failure. But that does not make less significant the fact that it was tried.

A few weeks earlier occurred another interesting development in the checkered history of the order. The Connecticut Klan announced its intention of seceding from the national organization on the ground that the latter does not now satisfactorily represent the ideals of the society as they are conceived by the zealous Nutmeg members. In Colorado, a large proportion of the whole Klan walked out and started a new society, the Minute Men of America. Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans had to resort to court action to prevent their collaring the Klan's by no means insignificant property interests in that state. Niagara County, N. Y., has also seceded and has formed the Independent Protestant Knights of America. In Kansas the other day the Klan boldly sought a charter as a charitable society —a theory of its purpose and character which the courts rejected. Meanwhile, from every quarter come reports of declining membership and interest. The American Standard, one of the chief Klan journals, has already succumbed and ceased publication. Highly significant is the fact that the apathy toward the Klan within its own ranks is partly due to its secrecy. Indeed, the recent national convocation of Grand Dragons and Titans at Buckeye Lake, O., seriously debated the complete abandonment of this aspect of the order. The proposal was defeated; but it will come up again and will pass.

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For all these signs point in only one direction: the Klan as a hooded order of night-riding moralists, interested mainly in local puritanical reforms, is passing; and the irritation which is being expressed in various localities toward the national headquarters is due to the slowness of the latter in recognizing the change. This change, we can see in the light of recent history, was inevitable. The Klan was revived by men who had no notion of the strength of the forces they had tapped. They hoped to release a mild breeze, profitable to themselves; they found it to be a whirlwind. It is true that with shrewd skill they have managed to adapt themselves (through several régimes) to the new conditions; but from the first moment, the national officers have been as powerless to direct the growth as they now are to prevent the decay.

The Klan began as a Southern small-town movement of protest against several aspects of current civilization: post-prohibition drinking, the somewhat relaxed standards of sexual morality among the young in the Automobile Age, the improved position of the Negro which resulted from the northward migration. Anti-Catholicism was added because the wild rumors of wartime had scared the South ("Tumulty delivers the Pope's orders to Wilson every day"); anti-Semitism was tacked on as the order moved toward the North on the principle of giving the customers what they want. In its first phases it was of course entirely local and non-political. Its mainsprings were the innate small-boy traits of the man who has matured physically but not mentally—the joys of secrecy, of dressing up, and of being able to get your gang to assault your enemy for you.

Now at last it has been perceived that what the Atlanta promoters had produced, seeking only to enrich themselves, is a political party. The famous Nordic white Protestant slogan was something which has a relationship to the making of national laws on such matters as restriction of immigration, registering the alien, prohibition enforcement. It has a bearing on state laws: the Oregon statute prohibiting all private schools is a good enough example. In the field of county and city government, the Klan soon began to seek enactment and enforcement of laws in accord with its ideas. It likewise saw with astonishment and jubilation that it might even elect its own members to jobs. Jobs—with real money attached to them.

From that moment, as we now see with the superior wisdom of hindsight, the doom of the nightie and hood was sounded. You cannot in America keep a political party underground for long. It is characteristic of us as a people that we are not only proud of our political ideas but insist on discussing them. The members of the Klan are no exception to this rule. In fact, they illustrate it particularly well. To be sure, an element within the Klan has sought to retain the old characteristics of the order; but theirs has been a losing battle. This has been true particularly because of the alliance between the Klan and Fundamentalism.

Two interpretations of the present aggressiveness of the Fundamentalists are possible. One is that, seeing the country spiritually and emotionally exhausted by the War and its consequences, they have seized the opportunity to enforce their rule through legislation and through consolidating public opinion behind them. The other is that Fundamentalism is on the wane, and has just come to a panic realization of the fact. The herding of young people into the colleges in the past few years is, according to this latter theory, the thing which has dealt the mortal blow. Even if they come from Fundamentalist homes, as in some sections a majority of them do, these young men and women are almost sure to return from college with their religious views profoundly modified. They will not crusade about it; they will not crusade about anything; but their Fundamentalist parents clearly perceive that something terrible has happened to them, and are thrown into a terror of which the Tennessee law, and the proposed legislation in other states, are the outcome. Our own judgment is that the second explanation is more plausible than the first. In either case, it was inevitable that the Ku Klux Klan should become embroiled in the Fundamentalist struggle. The two types of mind not only resemble each other; they are one. At the same time, the agitation for Fundamentalist principles, even more than the other objectives of the Klan, is one which must be carried on in the open, and in itself insures the alteration we are discussing.

Though the Klan is in the process of transition from a secret society of moralists to an open political party, it cannot enter the national elections on its own account for a long time, if ever. Though it is strong in every part of the country its strength is spotty. In national affairs it must therefore work through one or another of the existing parties. It is of course powerfully represented in both. It was an important factor in wrecking the Democratic National Convention of 1924. It was so influential in the Republican party, most of all in the pivotal northern states such as Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Massachusetts, that the Republicans did not dare to be hostile to it and in some instances were more than friendly. What it will do in 1928 is an interesting theme for speculation with which we need not concern ourselves here.

We may however be sure that the Ku Klux Klan as we have known it in the past, with its secret membership, hooded parades, and solemn hocus pocus of burning crosses and open-air night meetings, is dead. Its spirit will go marching on, but the hooded figure on a horse must now give way to the perspiring orator and hand-bill distributor standing on the back seat of a Ford, using not the whip and tar-brush of yesterday, but the political argument and exhortation which are perennial.

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What the Farmers Want

IF anyone is to pass judgment on the proposals of the leading farm associations for improving the farmers' economic position he ought first to know exactly what these proposals are. We intend here to present an exposition of the program rather than a judgment on it, and to indicate upon what considerations a judgment should rest.

The framers of the program contend that under existing conditions the farmer is at a disadvantage in comparison with other economic classes. Manufacturers benefit by protective tariffs which raise the prices of their products to the domestic consumer. Labor benefits by restriction of immigration and by other legal safeguards which tend to control of supply in the labor market. Farmers are, however, at the mercy of world competition and world price levels. Selling their produce at the world level, they are forced to buy both goods and labor at the protected level.

One obvious remedy would be to repeal the tariff and all other legal restrictions on foreign competition. This, however, is passed over as being politically and economically impracticable for the present. Rather, the farmer demands equalization by being brought within the protected fold. He already has received a measure of tariff protection. But this often does not in fact protect, for the following reasons. In many instances—as usually with wheat and always with cotton—the American crop is too large for the current demands of the domestic market. If foreign demand be not taken into consideration, there is therefore a surplus. An excess of supply over demand tends to reduce prices, tariff or no tariff. The price must fall until foreign purchasers are induced to buy in the American market and to buy sufficient quantities to absorb the surplus—that is, to equate demand and supply. The resulting price level will bear a close relationship to the price brought about outside the United States by world supply and world demand. A tariff no more keeps domestic prices up in such a case than would a tariff raised by Pennsylvania against the importation of anthracite coal into that state or a protective duty levied by Texas or Oklahoma against oil.

The same principle, it is true, applies to protected manufacturers. But many protected industries cater only to the domestic market. And those which have surpluses to export often resort to the expedient of selling to their foreign customers at cheaper prices than they charge at home. This is popularly known as "dumping." It is possible because large manufacturers can usually exercise greater control over their marketing processes than can farmers. They can distinguish which of their products are to be sold abroad and which sold here; they can set different prices for the two markets. This is not feasible at present for such a product as wheat, which is grown by hundreds of thousands of individual producers and sold in open markets in this country to which everyone has equal access. There is now no point in the process of production or distribution at which someone can separate that part of the crop which is to be consumed here from that part which is to be consumed abroad and put different price marks on them.

The farmers' proposal, embodied in the Dickinson bill, is intended to set up a machinery which will enable them to do what manufacturers do when they engage in "dumping." There is to be created in the Department of Agriculture a Federal Farm Board, consisting of seven members, one of whom will be the Secretary of Agriculture. Of the other six, one is to be chairman, one must be experienced in the production and marketing of live stock, one of grain, one of dairy and poultry products, one of cotton and tobacco, one of fruits and vegetables. The Board will compile statistical information regarding the various crops and their prices at home and abroad. Whenever there is or may be during the ensuing year a domestic surplus of any crop, the Board must declare an "operation period" in respect of that crop—provided a substantial number of producers' organizations favor it. During this "operation period" the Board is to assist in removing the surplus from the domestic market.

The agencies through which this object is to be achieved are to be the producers' coöperative associations or corporations created by them. Such associations or corporations will buy enough of the crop in question so that the surplus will not weigh down the domestic price. They will then sell the surplus abroad at whatever they can get for it—or hold it off the market altogether. If the domestic price is to be higher than the world price, this operation will of course involve a loss—a loss, however, which it is assumed will be smaller than the gain to the farmers from increased domestic prices. Here is where the Board performs its chief function. It reimburses the marketing associations or corporations for such loss. Funds for reimbursement are to be collected by it from the individual producers or their agents at the time of sale. This "equalization fee" is of course to be levied, not merely on those who sell to the exporting agencies, but on all producers of the crop in question, whether for the domestic or foreign market. Coöperative or other agencies may be utilized for its collection. Pending the collection of the fee, the Board may finance the export transaction by issuing notes up to 75 percent of its estimate of the total equalization fees to be collected. These notes are to be secured by the forthcoming fees, and are not to be guaranteed by the government. Provisions are made either for distributing pro rata any surplus funds remaining at the end of the operation period, or for retaining them for future use by the Board.

The proponents of this measure claim that it avoids objections raised against previous proposals

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because it does not put the government into business, does not necessitate the payment of a subsidy, and does not involve price fixing. The actual purchasing or selling agencies are to be private coöperatives or corporations. Action is not to be undertaken except when these associations want it. While the government board facilitates the financing of the operation, it assumes no financial responsibility —except such as may be involved in the collection and administration of the fund. This fund is to be raised not from taxpayers but from the producers of the crop in question. And there is no provision for price fixing in the shape of formal governmental decrees.

There are two main groups of questions to be answered concerning the advisability of this measure. The first concerns its justice to consumers if it is effective in protecting the farmers. The second concerns its effectiveness if it is just.

Is it true that all non-farmer elements in the community derive benefits from protection? How about the professional worker, the public employe, the transportation and distributive trades, the manufacturer who has no foreign competition anyway? And how about the "protected" manufacturer in a highly competitive industry who cannot control his market? How about unorganized labor in highly protected industries? And does the laborer profit as much from immigration restriction anyway as his employer does from the tariff? Are those who really benefit from protection such a small minority that the effect of bringing the farmer within the fold would be not to complete the circle but merely to enlarge a specially privileged group? Could the others also be included? Is it possible that the just remedy would rather be to abandon the protective policy? Is this remedy wholly outside the realm of practical politics?

Then there is some ambiguity about price-fixing. It is true that the bill does not directly provide for price-fixing. But if the plan is effective it must bring about a higher price than would otherwise exist. The level of domestic prices would be fixed, granted the other existing conditions, by the amount bought by the export agencies. These agencies must in practice make some decision, express or implied, as to what level should be maintained. Can we trust them to maintain a price just sufficient to remedy the farmers' inequality, and not a cent higher? The promoters of the plan declare that they want the domestic price to equal the world price, plus the import duty. If it got above that level, imports would flow in and bring it down again. But what assurance is there that the export agencies might not raise the world price above what it would be if they did not exist? They need not sell their total purchases; they can withhold part of the surplus from the foreign market, thus raising the world price. If they had perfect knowledge and control, they would best serve the farmers by adjusting their purchases, exports and prices in such a way that the sales realization from the total crop, minus their own loss, would be a maximum. But would that point necessarily correspond with a fair price? In such an important agency for controlling prices, do we not need representation for the consumer?

Concerning the efficacy of the plan, there are also important questions. In the matter of administrative detail, could the equalization fees be uniformly collected, and could the non-guaranteed notes secured by them find a ready market? And in the matter of economic principles involved, could the export agencies bring about the desired effect without setting in motion other processes which would defeat their purpose? As the domestic price rose, consumer demand might shrink. They might therefore have to buy more for export than is now exported. We have indicated above the possible injustice to consumers if they did not sell all they bought. But, on the other hand, their increased purchases—each bushel or bale of which is made at a loss—might render their total loss greater than the gain to the farmers from an increased domestic price. This gain would at the same time be diminished by a shrinkage of domestic demand. If, furthermore, an increased "dumping" lowered the world price, the domestic price would have to follow it down at the distance of the tariff margin, thus further endangering any net gain from the plan. Suppose, however, that in any given period the farmers did profit appreciably. Might that not tend to increase the production of the crops in question and so eventually result in a deficit for the corporation greater than the gain from increased domestic prices?

And might not the higher prices, with their influence on the cost of living of consumers, bring about demands for higher wages and salaries which would again be translated into higher costs for the farmer? Could he escape such a reaction except by a continual increase of his tariff—barring other improvements in his competitive position?

We do not mean to imply that these questions cannot be answered. We are not here arguing for or against the plan. At this time we merely wish to facilitate informed discussion.

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Mosul—Settled or Unsettled?

WHETHER the Turco-Iraq boundary award precipitates trouble in the Near East will be partly determined by Turkish domestic politics. The recovery of Mosul is the only unfulfilled pledge of the National Pact, and the failure at Geneva to round out Turkish territories in accord with that historic document constitutes the first diplomatic defeat sustained by Nationalist Turkey. If Mustapha Kemal can survive the loss of prestige involved, the League of Nations may congratulate itself on having settled the last major post-war territorial problem of the Near East. If, on the other hand, opponents of the existing régime at Angora make effective use of the collapse of Turkish diplomacy at Geneva, Kemal may be forced to resort to the time-honored device of provoking foreign war to suppress domestic dissension.

There can be no ignoring the fact that the government of the Turkish Republic is now a despotism. A far-reaching program of secularization and westernization has been carried on in defiance of deep-rooted Moslem sensibilities; the resulting social revolution has been imposed from on high and meets bitter resentment from the religiously orthodox and the politically conservative. An armed insurrection in the eastern provinces during the spring of 1925—representing an interaction of Moslem conservatism and Kurdish nationalism—was put down with the greatest severity. In addition, the revolt was seized upon as a pretext for the declaration of martial law, the rigorous suppression of freedom of speech and the press, and the establishment of itinerant Tribunals of Independence which by free use of the death penalty have driven political discontent underground.

Kemal's virtual dictatorship has been made possible, in part, by the inability of his opponents to find a generally acceptable issue on which he might be attacked. Liberals out of sympathy with Fascist methods would refuse to support restoration of the Caliph and the Holy Law. Reactionaries resentful of westernization and secularization would be cold to demands on behalf of democracy and republicanism. Mosul may provide the long-sought-for issue in which liberals and conservatives may find common comfort and reasonable promise of success. Irredentism, national honor, redemption of the pledges of the National Pact—these would be popular slogans appealing to all patriotic Turks regardless of religious belief or political conviction. But Mustapha Kemal, the Conqueror, would not be slow to appropriate such a program on his own behalf. As a loyal patriot he would be sensitive of any slight to the national honor; as a fearless soldier he would be indifferent to counsels of prudence; as a confirmed nationalist he would champion redemption of Turkish minorities outside the boundaries of the Republic.

Mosul compels Mustapha Kemal to choose between continued nationalist consolidation and a revival of Ottoman imperialism. The choice may not be altogether his own. If his opponents at home are unwilling or unable to utilize the Geneva defeat for the promotion of their political fortunes, Kemal may persuade the National Assembly to confine its activities, for the present at least, to a formal verbal protest against the League's award. Peace, even without victory, would enable the continuance of social reforms at home without troublesome foreign complications. But despotisms have a way of thriving on imperialism and war. A successful military campaign for the recovery of Mosul would silence the criticism of opponents, would restore the Ghazi's prestige, and would make possible the more general use of martial law for the suppression of political dissent.

In such a war, in the opinion of the writer, Turkey would have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Should Mosul be recovered, it would bring with it a crop of minorities problems which would mark a departure from the nationalist policy of Turkey for the Turks and would invite perennial persecution and massacre of the approved Hamidian type. Its exposed frontier would be difficult of defense except at a cost of men and of money which would seriously hamper the economic reconstruction of devastated Anatolia. Its oil fields would make Angora a Mecca of concession-hunters and would bring back to Turkey the curse of the country for a century—foreign capital and foreign capitalists, with foreign interference in their train. If, on the other hand, a war for Mosul should be unsuccessful, Turkey undoubtedly would be carved up in the spirit of the war-time secret treaties and the defunct settlement of Sèvres. Any war, successful or unsuccessful, would bring down upon Turkey the just condemnation of the western world for having repudiated a solemn pledge to accept arbitration. A quarrel with Iraq might be picked on some pretext other than the boundary award, but few would be deceived by the stratagem. And there are enough enterprising statesmen in Europe—Mussolini and Pangalos, to mention but two—who would welcome with open arms the opportunity to enforce the verdict of the League.

It should not be understood, however, that the responsibility for peace rests entirely with Angora. Downing Street may justly be called upon to make sacrifices as well. The League award sustained every important British contention, partly because of the stupid intransigeance at Geneva of Tewfik Rushdi Bey, the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs. But the conduct before the Council of

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Lieutenant-Colonel Amery, His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, was far from being a model of conciliation and sweet reasonableness. Tewfik Rushdi Bey was bellicose and incredibly inept; Colonel Amery was bellicose but clever. Colonel Amery did nothing to send anybody away from Geneva with a sweet taste in his mouth. It was encouraging, therefore, to have Sir Austen Chamberlain inform the Council immediately after that body had rendered its decision that

> the British government have no wish to take up a rigid or uncompromising attitude towards Turkey. If they have pressed for a decision by the Council, it is only because they believed that, until the Council had pronounced upon the question submitted to it by the Treaty of Lausanne, it was impossible to find a common basis on which to found the discussion of an agreement with the Turkish government. The British government most earnestly desire to live on terms of peace and amity with the Turkish government. The Council having given its decision, His Majesty's government will gladly lend themselves to conversations with the government of the Republic of Turkey in order to see whether, while taking due account of the Council's decision, it may not be possible to render the relations between our two countries easier and safer.

This pronouncement of friendly intentions has been followed up by Anglo-Turkish conversations at London and Angora, as yet without result. Minor territorial concessions by Great Britain, a liberal economic treaty, and a comprehensive security pact would satisfy Turkish amour propre, relieve political pressure upon Mustapha Kemal, and materially lessen the danger of border incidents and war. A Turkey absorbed with her own domestic problems will be a guarantee of political stability for the Arab kingdom of Feisal; a Turkey resentful, sullen and venturesome will compel Great Britain and Iraq to waste their substance in expensive military establishments, which neither can afford.

The British can afford, however, to be magnanimous. The Mosul boundary award marks the final step in their conquest of Mesopotamia. The British advance in the Land of the Two Rivers began in 1899, when a treaty with the Sheikh of Koweit insured British naval control of the Persian Gulf against alleged Russian plans for a second Port Arthur. The advance was continued in the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 concerning Persia and in the Anglo-Turkish agreements of 1913-1914 concerning the boundaries and economic resources of Mesopotamia; thus far the primary British concern was with the defense of the Persian Gulf. The secret Anglo-German Convention of June 15, 1914, however, pushed the British sphere of interest up the Shatt-el-Arab to Basra and created a joint Anglo-German régime for the intervening distance to Bagdad. The Sykes-Picot Treaty of 1916—which, curiously enough, assigned Mosul to the French—confirmed British control of the vilayets of Bagdad and Basra, then being brought under the domination of British arms. After the Mudros Armistice of 1918 Anglo-Indian troops occupied the vilayet of Mosul, and Clemenceau was persuaded to revise the secret treaties so as to award the territory to Great Britain. At Lausanne and again at the Constantinople Conference of 1924 attempts were made to rectify the Mosul boundary so as to push the British dominion still farther northward.

Britain's progressive advance in Mesopotamia has been watched by the Turks with increasing alarm. They have feared, naturally enough, that this creeping paralysis might sooner or later afflict Anatolia, their homeland. Indeed Turkish diplomacy in regard to Mosul may be explained more intelligibly on the basis of fear than of cupidity—fear of the formation in northern Iraq of a Kurdish national state which later might lay claim to the northeastern provinces of Turkey; fear that the League of Nations was too thoroughly in the control of the Great Powers to render a decision unfavorable to any of them; fear that Great Britain, with her superior resources, would wage a diplomatic offensive in advance of the decision which would lead to a pre-judgment of the case.

These fears were genuine, whether well or ill founded. The terms of the League's award make obligatory a large measure of local autonomy for the Kurds, encouragement of the Kurdish vernacular, and a consequent development of Kurdish national consciousness. A future Kurdish state is almost certain to develop an irredentist movement and to overflow existing boundaries at the expense of Turkey and Persia; thus may come into existence the buffer state of Kurdistan contemplated in the repudiated Treaty of Sèvres. It is in large measure true that in its infancy the League of Nations has been unable to treat the Great Powers with the same rigorous sense of justice as the small, and the association of the League with the mandate system (which is in thorough disrepute among the peoples of the Near East) did nothing to increase Turkish confidence in the objectiveness of the Council. On occasions, also, the Turks have been suspicious of British manœuvres in Iraq. For example, in June, 1924, the Arab government at Bagdad (which was under effective British control) ratified the Anglo-Iraq Treaty with the reservation that "this Treaty and the Agreements shall be invalid if Great Britain does not protect the right of Iraq to the vilayet of Mosul in its entirety." To the Turks this appeared a case of the British deliberately tying British hands as well as the hands of the League; indeed, Colonel Amery subsequently insisted at Geneva that the award of anything less than the whole of Mosul would undermine the foundations of Anglo-Iraq relations and would make difficult if not impossible the continuance of the British mandate. Furthermore, in anticipation of the Mosul award, the Turkish Petroleum Com-

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pany, controlled indirectly by the British government, received in March, 1925, from the government of Iraq a concession to exploit the oil resources of the vilayets of Mosul and Bagdad for a period of seventy-five years. Simultaneously announcement was made that American oil companies had been invited to participate to the extent of 25 percent of the enterprise. It was charged by proponents of the Turkish case that Great Britain had given away something which was not hers to give—at least as far as the vilayet of Mosul was concerned — and by inviting American financial coöperation in the exploitation of Mesopotamian oil had secured American diplomatic support at a critical stage of the negotiations. However true or untrue such charges may be, they did nothing to create an atmosphere favorable to a settlement by conciliation.

On the whole the League may be said to have conducted itself throughout the controversy in admirable spirit. By means of a capable boundary commission, under Count Paul Teleky of Hungary, a thorough-going attempt was made to get at the facts concerning Mosul—a laudable venture in itself. The report of the commission was exhaustive and eminently fair; the recommendations were within its competence and appeared to be an honest deduction from the facts presented. The procedure of the Council was, in general, restrained and undoubtedly would have been more friendly toward the Turkish case had it not been for the difficulty of dealing with Tewfik Rushdi Bey. Its services in arriving at a provisional frontier, in soliciting an advisory opinion on procedure from the International Court of Justice, and in exhausting every means of conciliation and recommendation before resorting to an arbitral award were all praiseworthy. In at least two important respects, however, mistakes were made.

The first is concerned with a regrettable failure to use this occasion to extend materially the powers of the Permanent Mandates Commission. Whatever disposition was made of the disputed territory it was imperative that adequate guarantees be given the residents that the letter and spirit of the award would be carried out. With this in view the commission recommended that a representative of the League be in residence at Mosul for a number of years to report to Geneva concerning observance of the terms of the settlement. Unfortunately, because of British objections, this provision was not incorporated in the award, and an excellent opportunity has been lost to provide the League with its own sources of information from the mandated areas. Hereafter as heretofore the Permanent Mandates Commission will know precisely those things which the mandatory power chooses to tell it and nothing more. The weaknesses of the existing system are so patent that every possible chance for its improvement should be seized with avidity.

The second mistake is less excusable. It is concerned with the release of Turkish atrocity reports in connection with announcement of the boundary award. These reports were prepared by a League commission of enquiry under the Esthonian General Laidoner, whose principal claim to fame was the cold-blooded manner in which he had once shot Bolsheviki. They were submitted to the Council on November 23 last, at which time a summary of their contents was furnished the press. It is not known how far the reported Turkish mistreatment of Christians north of the so-called Brussels Line was a factor in the Council's decision; no mention of the atrocities appears in the minutes of the session of December 16 at which the definitive award was made to Iraq. But by way of justifying its action to the world at large (and perhaps in particular to opponents of the League), the Council or the Secretariat dug up these three-weeks-old reports and released all the gruesome details for the consumption of the self-righteous and the sensation-mongers. The only conceivable defense of the procedure is the possibility that it may teach the Turks that the day of organized terrorism has gone by. Were it to accomplish this, it would doubtless be worth while. But its effect is likely to be precisely the opposite—to convince Angora that the Gladstonian ghost stalks at Geneva as well as at London and that a high moral stand is taken by the Christian world whenever a direct political purpose is to be served. And in view of the silence of Geneva concerning the vandalism of Damascus, who is to deny the basis for the charge? The Turkish atrocities committed against the Assyrians and Chaldeans are incapable of defense; the Mosul boundary award was capable of serving as its own defense. Why, then, were the two issues confused by the discredited methods of war-time official propaganda?

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Beaten Tracks

That night while we were snug abed it snowed—
Like powdered mica, glittering and fine,
Paving with alabaster every road,
Obliterating every boundary line.
We found a shorter way of going between
The house and barn that morning; there were no
Fences or gates or bars to intervene:
We walked securely over the crusted snow.

Strange how a blizzard alters things, upsets
Our well appointed world and makes a law
Unto itself that nothing can relax.
The wind against a thousand chimneys whets
Inexorable knives, until a thaw
Puts our feet back in the old beaten tracks.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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On Religion

SUPPOSE that a remote posterity, unversed in mathematics and the scientific research equipment of our age, should inherit one of our current science manuals. There they would read or, rather, decipher, such statements as that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second; that the sun is 92 million miles distant from the earth, and that the light of the nearest star takes four and a half light years to reach us. What would they make of it all? Some of them, it is probable, would hold that their forerunners must have possessed a faculty lost to themselves and in consequence would attach a mystical significance to the unverifiable dogmas; they might even repeat these dogmas as possibly magical formulas. But undoubtedly the best common sense of the day, in the absence of the means or any conception of the means of verification, would dismiss the statements as being childish guesses or, at best, as barbarous abracadabra. Only a very few would suspect that perhaps we were not such fools as we appeared, and give us suspended credit for a method behind our madness. But our method itself and the instruments we employ would be still to seek.

The foregoing picture may serve to illustrate what may possibly—let us say no more than possibly—be our very own situation in regard to the ancient "science" of religion. We have inherited a few of the text-books once circulated among the illuminati of more or less extinct civilizations, and we find them to contain statements of equal exactitude and incredibility concerning things of which we have no verifiable knowledge, as that there is a God Who is a trinity of Persons, Who created the Universe according to Reason, and Man in His own image, and Who placed us in the world with potentialities of consciously becoming like unto Himself. Some of us today are disposed, like our imagined descendants, to take these traditional statements mystically; to repeat them as magical formulas; and to assume that a lost faculty, the so-called religious sense, was possessed by our ancestors of ancient Egypt, India, Persia and Syria. So relatively powerful, in fact, are these that their attitude towards the inherited dogmas of ancient religion is still the standard of respectability. The weight of common sense, however, is slowly but surely making itself felt; and the day is not far off when the intelligence of our civilization will explicitly decline even to be interested in grandiose statements apparently insusceptible of proof. Only a few, a very few, will continue to suspect that perhaps the Egyptians, the Buddhists, the Pythagoreans and the Gnostics were people very like ourselves in respect of faculty and unlike us only in the same respect in which we shall differ from a remote posterity without our science, namely, in the possession, not of a lost faculty, but of a lost method or technique. And for these few, too, the method or technique is still to seek—or perchance only to recognize.

Let us assume that we belong to these few and that we begin at least roughly to define the conditions essential to our hopeful quest of the lost technique. The first, obviously, is the discrimination of Religion from the subjects with which it has been associated in the course of time. As certainly as our descendants would, if they were so much interested, at least give our Science the distinction of being concerned about some definite field of possible or, maybe, impossible knowledge, and discriminate between our Science and our Ethics, our Science and our Sociology, our Science and our popular customs, so we undoubtedly can at once begin to distinguish in the traditional Religion of our ancient forerunners certain characteristics unique and peculiar to the subject. Whether verifiable or not, whether even intelligible to us or not, it is clear that the statements concerning Religion contained in the surviving texts assume certain specific generalizations as to the World and Man and, either as cause or as effect, certain specific attitudes and rational obligations laid upon Man himself. Still roughly, they can be said to be as follows: that the Universe is an intelligent and therefore intelligible Cosmos; that the obligation and, at the same time, the highest possible aim of Man is to understand and to cooperate with the intelligent laws that govern it; that in order to accomplish this a special way of life or technique is necessary; and that this technique consists primarily in a method of "divinizing," that is to say, of raising to a higher conscious level, Man's present state of being. Everything essential, it seems, to an elementary definition of Religion, as the subject has come down to us, is contained in this brief summary. There is the cosmological element, for instance, missing from our Sociology and Ethics. The cosmology, moreover, differs from the cosmology of our Science in assuming universal psychological values; everything is God and therefore intelligent and potentially intelligible to Reason. Man has a unique and designed place and, therefore, function, in the cosmological scheme. In other words, he enters into obligations by being born. At the same time, his awareness of his place and function is not a gift of nature; he must acquire it by a special effort and by a special method. Finally, both his own development and his own greatest happiness depend upon his discovery of his function and his conscious discharge of it.

This outline is formidable enough to daunt the rational seeker after the rationale of ancient Religion. Without prepossessions for or against these specific dogmas of our forefathers, but with, nevertheless, a benevolent curiosity as to the possible

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method involved in them, how are we even to begin our search? Certainly there is little in modern Science or in any branch of it to provide us with even a hint of a method of verification. Of any means of knowing if an intelligent God exists, our Science is completely and indifferently ignorant; and naturally and consequently all the lesser branches of knowledge, springing from the same trunk, must equally dispense with the hypothesis of God's existence. Equally, too, our current working conceptions must dispense with unproven potentialities such as are assumed in the religious statements concerning Man's possible conscious divinization by understanding, becoming and service. What may be may equally not be; and our Science deals only with potentialities actualized, neither with Reality nor with Potentiality metaphysically, but with Actuality, that is to say, the physical. No exception can be made either in the case of Philosophy or in the case of Psychology. Both are too good pupils of the scientific school to resist for long the full employment of the actualistic method. There linger, it is true, mediæval ghosts in both fields who speculate hither and thither in the hope of finding pasture for their souls, but with the increasing chemicalization of psychology, everything dependent upon psychological processes, such, for instance, as speculative philosophy, will more and more lose scientific value, as being insufficiently radical. Sooner or later, the question in regard to every philosophical or psychological opinion will be not its value as an objective statement but its value as merely a symptom of personal chemistry.

With no sure guide in the religious traditions themselves, and with not the least glimmer of light from modern Science, our quest for the possible or not impossible technique employed by our ancestors in formulating their "dogmas" seems doomed on the threshold to failure. And rationally it must be so. If we cannot accept on faith the doctrines and assumptions specifically associated with Religion, nor can find in modern Science even the end of a clue that promises to reveal it to us, our case is lost from the beginning. And we must reconcile ourselves with Science as we have it and remember only as an ancient dream the faith of our forefathers. By the same token, our dreams of the future must similarly be shepherded through the Gates of Horn. For with the admission that we neither have discovered nor can begin to discover the yet not-impossible technique of religion as formulated by our ancestors, we must deny ourselves the scientific hope of discovery in the future. If modern Science can throw no light on the Religion of the past—on Religion, that is to say, as defined above—neither can it promise us a Religion in the future.

The field of Religion, chimerical or not, can no more be changed than the field of any other department of Science, actual or so-called. Religion, like Ethics or Physics, is, by definition, what it is and always will be. And by declining to be so much as interested in the question of a technique of Religion, Science declares itself bankrupt of Religion forever.

Things, however, are seldom as black as rationalism paints them; and scientists fortunately are not all as scientific as their science. In short, there are loopholes of escape from our impasse; and one of the most promising is to be found in modern psychology; precisely, in fact, in the latest conquest of the scientific method, the field of Behaviorism. Behaviorism, there is no doubt, has come to stay. It is true that Behaviorism is still in little more than the elementary stage, that we have still much to learn and certainly some surprising discoveries to anticipate; but the method that has begun to collect and verify the data of human psychology at its source, that is to say, in observable behavior beginning with earliest infancy, is assuredly destined to supersede the pseudo-scientific methods of introspection and psycho-analysis. Henceforward for Science there is only one possible approach to Psychology, the approach of observation, verification and experiment. Every other approach is now mediæval.

The question, however, is what and whose behavior we are to observe; or without prejudice to any other field, the legitimacy of a field of observation which, as we have said, on the face of it appears to promise some light on our inquiry concerning a technique of Religion. To be explicit, is self-observation, together with the usual sequel in the scientific method—verification, hypothesis, experiment and demonstration—equally legitimate with the observation of others; and, if it is, can we devise a method to ensure its rigorous pursuit? Are we, ourselves, as behaving organisms a valid subject for our scientific research—assuming, of course, that we employ the same objective means as we should employ in the case of others? Is self-knowledge at least as possible scientifically as the knowledge of anything else? There can be no doubt of the reply; and behaviorists, in fact, have admitted it. Though, at the outset, self-observation as a scientific method of research into human psychology labors under both acquired and natural disabilities, as, for example, association with introspection and the presence of the personal equation in its most intimate form, neither its past nor its inherent difficulty can reasonably be said to disqualify it. All that would be necessary would be to be doubly on guard against subjectivity and to be all the more rigorously and objectively scientific in sight of the snares of misunderstanding and self-deception.

That self-observation has at least an affinity with the subject-matter of Religion is obvious by inspection. A characteristic of Religion is concern with oneself next to God. On closer examination, indeed, this self-concern in every possible sense, proves to be one of the leading motives and fundamental suppositions of Religion as it has come down to us. The poignancy of religious phraseology concerning the lot and fate of Man, the hopes and

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fears of his salvation, the speculations concerning the nature of the individual soul, the promises of divinization, all indicate a self-concern not merely instinctive but visceral and cerebral. The individual in Religion is mightily concerned for himself, but for himself in every possible and even impossible way. Everything he does, including not only his acts but his thoughts and feelings, may be and, from the point of view of Religion, is held to be at least potentially profoundly significant. The individual's awareness of and concern for himself in the highest possible degree is assumed as one of the very conditions of the religious life.

We may conclude, therefore, that if self-awareness or let us say, self-consciousness, is not the sole or main aim of Religion as formulated in our texts, at least it is an implied prerequisite of the main aim which appears to be the understanding and service of the Creator, God. All the commandments, injunctions and exhortations to God's service already imply knowledge of the means of response and ability to control them; and since, in the last resort, all our responses are only forms of our actual behavior, the knowledge of our behavior is a necessary condition of our control of it, assuming for the moment that such control may prove to be possible. To know ourselves as we actually are—that is to say, in our current actual behavior—may not be, and is not, the object of Religion; but it certainly forms a necessary step to Religion, and, as it would seem, the first necessary step. How can God be served if we are ignorant of the actual present behavior of the servant? Conscious service implies self-knowledge as well as knowledge of the Being to be served. Self-consciousness or awareness of our actuality is, in short, an indispensable element in Religion as strictly defined.

How did our forefathers who founded and practiced Religion set about attaining self-knowledge? The answer to this question would throw the first real ray of light on the nature of the Religious technique. But, alas, it is not forthcoming, or forthcoming only in such dark sayings as themselves demand a key that is missing. We hear of schools where "Mysteries" were taught, of long courses of initiation, of difficult exercises of various kinds; of Masters and pupils. And we can distinguish in the surviving texts words and phrases having the air of an exact but incomprehensible connotation. How many of the words that today pass as religious had once a purely technical psychological meaning we cannot guess; but unless we are to attribute to our ancestors a mythical religious sense it is highly probable that time alone is responsible for their present "pious" associations. In short, if the preliminary aim of the ancient Religious Schools was the preparation of ordinary men and women for the extraordinary life of conscious coöperation with the Creator, the means employed for the necessary prerequisite of self-knowledge must have been anything but religious in our modern sense. On the contrary, they must have been practical first and foremost; and in all probability the vocabulary of the technique was chosen from the popular science of the day.

It has been suggested that in the current theories of Behaviorism ancient Religion and modern Science meet. Let us add, however, that they only meet, they do not as yet mingle. Nevertheless, it is in the vocabulary of Behaviorism that the technique of self-observation can best be stated; and be the outcome of the technique the re-discovery or confirmation of the ancient dogmas or their dismissal as superstitions, the new field and method of psychological research can at least be said to be promising. What, indeed, can more plainly call for rigorous self-examination than the very instruments upon which all our observations of the rest of the world depend? Behaviorists observing the behavior of others are still at two degrees from the object nearest them; and the result is infallibly, in consequence, a closer and closer approximation to physics and ultimately to the elimination of psychology altogether. Self-observation of one's own behavior automatically corrects this fatal error of emptying out the baby with the bath. While observing, however objectively, my own behavior, I am under no temptation to forget the accompanying sensations, emotions and trains of thought. I cannot overlook or underrate the psychological element when it obtrudes itself into the very phenomena I am witnessing. And the preservation of my awareness of this concomitant of many forms of my behavior gives a higher degree of understanding when I apply myself to the observation of others. Once this is realized, the technique of the Behaviorists may be taken straight away and applied without change to our new field. We can accept their classification of forms of behavior, together, if necessary, with their means of measuring Man. None of their implications, even in the extreme form of organic mechanism, are positively alien to us. If self-observation be the next step in scientific Behaviorism, and it appears logically to be, the second step of Behaviorism may very well prove to be the first step in the technique of Religion.

A warning, however, is necessary. Careful and impartial observation of one's own behavior would at the first blush appear to be as easy as the observation of the behavior of others. Far from this, however, is the usual experience of the curious self-observer. In fact, from the very beginning of the collection of such data about one's own actual behavior, the path is strewn with difficulties of a hitherto unrealized kind. It would almost seem that nature resents the attempt to observe her in oneself, so powerful and at the same time so subtle is the resistance commonly experienced. Possibly it was this very discovery that led to the formulation of the dogmas of ancient Religion. They had tried to meet themselves, Nature and God, face to face!

A. R. ORAGE.

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The Tourist in his Blindness

IN Europe, as these lines are written, the inhabitants are preparing for the great American tourist rush of 1926. It is not without some apprehension that they make the aforesaid plans. Already it is indicated that the record number of visitors of 1925 will be broken; and last year the entire continent all but tilted and slid into the sea because of the additional weight of the Yankee travelers. It was as hard to find an Englishman in London as it was to discover a Frenchman in Paris or an Italian in Rome. Many a native must have shared the feeling of the shopkeeper in Nice who put the ironic sign in his window: "French Spoken Here."

The Americans filled the hotels until the walls bulged; they crowded the first-class carriages on the trains, which would otherwise have gone empty. In London, where the impact was the most severe, I understand that the average life of a bobby on active service was only one week, two days and four hours, at the end of which time he suffered a complete nervous breakdown and was removed to a hospital, muttering to himself in a nasal sort of way (which is no mean feat, either), "Say, brother, how do I get from here to the Cheshire Cheese?" I am also informed, not reliably, that enormous profits were made by selling to the inhabitants of those countries most directly in the tourist track portable sandpaper-and-file kits with which to remove chewing-gum from their shoes. It is their fond belief that Yankee visitors are wont to pepper the pavement with wads of discarded chicle . . . While the tourists were not guilty of this habit, they otherwise fulfilled all expectations. They tramped endlessly through picture galleries, looking at some of the pictures and buying postcard reproductions of the others; they climbed every flight of stairs on the continent of Europe which was not roped off—and some that were; and after dinner every night they wrote conscientiously in large purple diaries to the effect that "the crown jewels were burned alive at Stratford by William the Conqueror, last of the Gothic Kings, recognizable as such because his beard was pointed."

Europe, of course, now as in the past, looks upon the tourist as a necessary evil, very necessary and very evil. She needs the hundreds of millions of dollars which Sadie Jones, her Pa and Ma bring with them from Peoria; but she feels and freely indicates that the price paid is almost too much to be borne. Like other continents, Europe is simple-minded; and once she gets an idea into her head, that idea will remain for centuries (at last having an inscription engraved upon it telling how long ago it was implanted). To all except an unimportant fringe, America is still and only the land of the dollar-chaser, cowboy, lynching bee and monkey dinner. It is no news that the first characteristic was never so emphasized in the European mind as now. Our government's policy as to the settlement of the war debts is regarded in the countries of our late Allies as little short of miserly, and I for one doubt whether anything we could now do would serve to change this opinion—at least, for decades to come. The extraordinarily generous terms accorded to Italy (generous, that is, from the point of view of politicians who blithely ignore capacity to pay) were received in that country with satisfaction but without gratitude. The only idea entertained seemed to be pleasure that for once those smart Yankees had met someone cleverer than themselves.

In France, as even the most casual tourist cannot fail to perceive, the present state of mind as to America is pathological. We have not been popular there for a moment since the Peace Conference; but the former attitude was nothing compared to the feeling since the breakdown of the Caillaux debt negotiations and the refusal of the State Department to permit further private borrowings in Wall Street. The French now find in America the scapegoat on which may be placed the burden of blame for everything that is wrong—and there is plenty. Amid the universal rejoicings over Locarno, it was astonishing how often one heard it said: "The Locarno pact means a new European alliance against the United States." When one asked, "Against, in what way? Surely America will profit by the restoration in Europe?" the answer was, with vague ominous assurance: "Well, *against*."

The tourist of the true type, of course, barely notes that such events as Locarno have taken place. He knows what he has to do, which is to Accumulate Culture in such large gobs that a three-months' intake will last him the rest of his life. While France changes her government he is limping along the corridors of the Louvre, never stopping for the occasional picture that he likes—no time for that—but only at the masterpieces which get a double star in Baedeker. In Florence the Fascisti may kill half a dozen men and smash in a score of shop fronts; but the visitor from Kansas never falters in his stride: poor wretch, he has the Pitti and Uffizi galleries and the Duomo to do and only seven hours for the lot. Rulers may abdicate, bread rioters march, war scares arise: the tourist merely shakes more powder into his shoes and staggers on. He has not come to see the Europe which is; his gaze is backward, skipping the last 500 years. He is recapitulating the history of the race, and all he wants to know is what took place before Columbus discovered America.

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There are, to be sure, some variants on the type. There is the tourist who goes abroad to drink; the one who goes for amorous adventure; the one who is bored at home and finds himself equally bored everywhere else. But such departures from the norm merely emphasize the trueness of the species. It is earnest and puritan, church-going and prohibitionist, eager for uplift, full of aching desire for self-improvement, and willing, for weary day after day, to pretend to enjoy the masterpieces in the hope that that pretense will at last turn into reality (which it won't).

Meanwhile, Europe needs the money, sees no way to get it without enduring the Yankee plague, and, being inveterately polite (to social equals and superiors) conceals its emotions as best it can. With great joy it collects specimens, of course; and so would you. Here are a few which are standard in every such assortment:

There is, *item,* the elderly and contemptuous person, of either sex, who asks shopkeepers about prices and on being told in shillings or francs or lire, demands loudly and sneeringly, looking around for approval, "How much is that in *real* money?" Whereupon the shopkeeper, with magnificent control of his features, gravely translates into dollars at a rate 20 percent more unfavorable than can be had at the bank.

There is also the gentleman (he is likely to be a clergyman, sent abroad by his congregation as the Great Event of his life) who, having joined a party and paid for the services of a guide to expound to him the beauties of St. Mark's or the Vatican or the Cluny Musée, insists on interrupting the proceedings while he loudly relates battered old jokes, or indulges in philosophico-historical comment on the frailties of ancient kings, the glories of prohibition in America, or the folly of Europeans in going to war.

Nor should we forget the aggressive lady, first vice-president of the Woman's Club at home, who joins a similar party, keeps on the outskirts of the group and chats about baby culture with that nice lady from Minneapolis next to her. She waits until the guide has finished a rapid fifteen-minute survey of French history from Charlemagne to Louis XVI and then cuts in curtly: "What did you say, guide? Guide, I missed that"—and refuses to stir until it has all been repeated for her private edification.

There are also the parents who bring abroad with them a loathsome child of seven, bountifully equipped with lolly-pops which it offers to share with you at any moment after the first few licks. The two most delightful eccentricities of said child are first, its habit of singing at the top of its voice through any and all conversations, and, second, its firmly exercised policy of suddenly sitting down on the floor in the middle of a picture gallery, bursting into floods of tears and announcing that it is tired, won't walk another step and wants to go home to America and its nice doggie. At such moments the impulse among other members of the party to endorse this latter suggestion amounts almost, one might say, to approval.

Guide Book Gertie, the demon fact finder, is on every list. She, too, accepts the services of a cicerone; but being an old maid school teacher, and careful, she also brings along her Baedeker. From its closely printed pages her nose never departs. She stumbles unseeing around the Roman Forum, while you wait hopefully but in vain for her to break her neck. Her moment of triumph is when she detects the guide in a statement which differs from the one in the book—the infallibility of the latter being, so far as she is aware, beyond all dispute. Clutching a victim from the throng she remarks with indignation and pleasure, "It was *not!* It was four years earlier, in 242 B. C."

There is another type of sceptic, an elderly man from the Middle West, small and withered and with a gnarled Adam's apple revealed above his wing collar and stringy black tie. He lives in a world where people are constantly trying to "put something over" on you and eternal vigilance is the price of self-respect. His great complaint is that when jewels are on display, they are covered with glass cases so that no one can be quite sure whether they are genuine or not. Told that church pillars are inlaid with mosaic, he pauses not but limps painfully up to them to push a dubious finger-nail across the surface. His greatest misery comes when he is shown fresco, high on a wall, which is an imitation of bas relief. He is sure that it *is* bas relief; but there are no stepladders available.

The shopping tourist is another joy to any party blessed by her beneficent presence. She has two obsessions: postcards which can be used to illustrate her talk to the Ladies' Auxiliary on My Trip Abroad; and gifts for Aunt Nettie. Her favorite moment for purchasing these is when she is about to go somewhere with an automobile-load of people, all the rest of whom have already taken their seats. With the stage thus set in a satisfactory manner she proceeds to a lengthy argument over the purchase of three small, very bad cameos for which the vendor wants fifteen lire each while she is determined to pay no more than ten. The number of murders recorded under these circumstances is pitifully, inadequately small.

A real prize of my personal collection was the American tourist I met in the elevator of a Paris hotel, after he had returned from a tour of the

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battlefields. The elevator man, courteous and, as always, eager to practice his English, asked him, "What did you think of the battlefields?"

"No good," said the tourist with decision. "Nothing but a lot of old shell holes and barbed wire and cemeteries. They ought to be ashamed to take our money for such a dull sightseeing trip."

And the elevator man who had served through the War and been twice wounded looked straight ahead and said nothing at all.

There are other types so common that collectors spurn them. There is the man who uses all his energy browbeating hotels into giving him ham and eggs and ice-water; the man whose wife has to chain him up lest he spend his days in the office of the American Express Company reading the month-old market news in the Kansas City Star; the bright young man who has come to Europe for the purpose of seeing as many obscene sights as possible and, regardless of the personnel of his party, continually buttonholes the guide and demands smutty movies or indecent frescoes. There is the bored flapper who, regarding the rôle of tourist with unutterable contempt, forever seeks to evade her mother's vigilant eye and conduct an innocent American flirtation with handsome French strangers—each of whom, of course, is sure to misunderstand her intentions.

The Europeans laugh at our earnest, culture-seeking tourists; and indeed it is hard to refrain. There is a difference, however, between the Europeans' laughter and our own. To the old world it is grotesque that anyone should try to acquire a knowledge of art and history and literature and gentle living, unless he has been born to a social position which brings these things to him automatically and from earliest childhood. They are right, of course, when they argue that one cannot, in a few hasty weeks on the continent of Europe, create a new background which shall alter in any effective way the general sphere of his interests. It is a cruel sight to observe the thousands of elderly American business men marching pathetically through picture galleries which bore them to distraction, not permitted by their conscientious wives to go and visit the factories, banks and department stores in which they would revel.

Yet there is after all something characteristic of our country in this vain attempt, something which must make every candid American heart beat a little faster. We may not be able to reach the stars; but at least we are on tiptoe and straining every nerve. Typical of our spirit is the brisk resolve that no department of human affairs shall be alien to us, and typical, also, is the fact that every now and again we do, in our absurd way, accomplish something of the sort even when wise and jaded Europe knows that it can never, never be.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Tacna-Arica and the Monroe Doctrine

IT is good to hear through recent press dispatches that the political deadlock in Tacna-Arica has been broken, and that arrangements will go forward toward completion of the plebiscite in early May. At a meeting of the Plebiscitory Commission, Señor Edwards, according to the account, apologized on behalf of the Chilean government, "with deepest regret and unqualified censure" for the attack on January 6 of six hundred Chilean citizens of Arica upon potential voters from Peru. An official investigation is to be made and the Registration and Election committees are asked "to discuss" the adoption of more stringent penalties than now exist under Chilean law for the offenses of intimidation, bribery and fraud in the plebiscitory vote. This decision comes from the disputed area after months of hostility which have many earmarks of guerilla warfare.

Señor Greyre, Peruvian representative on the Commission, has been quoted as saying that conditions are becoming more serious. He has cited case after case of Peruvians who have been cruelly attacked and seriously injured by Chilean carabineers. That there has been a piling up of injustices is corroborated by private dispatches and letters. As early as August 7, Sarah Wambaugh of Boston, who has been retained by the Peruvian government as an expert on plebiscites, cabled to the United States from Arica:

> Tell newspapers spies follow us everywhere. Peruvian inhabitants terrorized dare not speak to us. Two women jailed for speaking. Military control absolute. Chilean governor today decrees no inhabitant can go from town to country or contrariwise without special police permit which must be shown at every picket post, and they can travel only by designated roads, controlled by carabineers. If Chilean troops not evacuated, Arica will be grave of Monroe Doctrine.

With our President as arbitrator and General Pershing and Brigadier-General Lassiter successively as chairman of the Plebiscite Commission, every citizen of the United States, in the eyes of other nationals, will be held responsible for the outcome of the Tacna-Arica decision.

The town of Arica is connected by rail with Tacna, forty miles to the north, a garden spot in the desert of Tarata Province, and La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, 276 miles inland and 12,000 feet above sea level. Arica itself lies in the Province of Tacna, a sparsely settled desert region between 18 and 19 degrees south latitude. When this region

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belonged to Peru it was made up of the two provinces Tacna and Arica, and these together with the Province of Tarata made a political division of Peru known as a Department. The award of President Coolidge gave the Province of Tarata to Peru, so that the area in dispute is now only the present Province of Tacna. The city of Arica itself has no commercial value except as a port of export of raw materials. Some 400 miles south of Arica is Antofagasta with a population of 60,000 and a yearly trade of some $74,000,000. Antofagasta belonged to Bolivia and for thirty years she watched the northern boundary line of Chile being advanced while under the misrule of successive military dictatorships she stood impotent to protect this, her one seaport—and so, in 1873 Bolivia entered into a defensive alliance against foreign aggression with Peru, a measure which Chile regarded as a threat. She accordingly declared war on both countries in 1879 and won an easy and complete victory, taking as spoils of victory the whole of the coastline of Bolivia, and from Peru the Tacna-Arica district, subject to a plebiscite of the inhabitants to be held in 1893. This plebiscite, repeatedly delayed, is the occasion of the present arbitration of the United States.

The actual possession of the territory of Tacna-Arica is of little consequence to the Chile or the Peru of today. They need to get this quarrel which they involuntarily inherited out of the way. Chile has a tremendous internal problem at the present moment in the attempt of labor and the middle class to wrest the government and land from the control of twenty families, more or less, related to the old feudal aristocracy, and to educate the proletariat so that it may be able to carry the responsibility that such a change of social system necessitates. Peru is concentrating on her roads and irrigation system. Both Chile and Peru are trying to adjust themselves to the new place in the world's commercial and political life into which they have been precipitated by the World War and the opening of the Panama Canal. But to the people living in the contested region it is a moment of tense fear and tragedy. The people of Chile, if I can judge from the men and women I met recently in Valparaiso and Santiago, the leaders of the modern movements there, are straining every nerve to prevent a nationalistic call to arms. They know that such a call is the name of patriotism is a smoke screen to distract the public mind from their internal problems.

As important as this Tacna-Arica question is to the people of Bolivia and Peru, I venture to believe that it is still more important in the long march of future events to the people of the United States of America. It is by the conduct of this affair that our national foreign policy, as well as the intent of the private American commercial interests, will be judged throughout the world.

Many years ago the United States offered her services as mediator but without success. Although we made other attempts to help, it was not until three years ago that we again officially entered into the controversy. This time there is a different significance in our doing so. There is now a world organization, and a nation cannot act alone without its behavior being scrutinized. Out of this South American tangle has come a test of the relation between the Monroe Doctrine and the League of Nations.

On November 1, 1920, the President of the Peruvian delegation to the League of Nations in agreement with the Bolivian delegation requested the Assembly "to consider and revise the treaty of October 20, 1883, between Chile and Peru." Bolivia also demanded the revision of the treaty "forced upon her by Chile and as a result of which the whole Bolivian coast line passed under the dominion of Chile." In response, the Chilean delegate, Señor Edwards, regretted the request "for which there is no justification."

These notes from the three nations were received too late to have the question placed on the agenda of that session. They were therefore circulated among the delegates to the Assembly by the Secretary-General. Later in the year at a plenary session Bolivia requested that the question appear on the next agenda, and Peru withdrew her petition while reserving the right to submit the question at a later date. In September, 1921, the subject again appears in the records. The committee of jurists appointed to determine the competency of the League to handle the question decided that "in the present form" Bolivia's request was not in order. The matter was referred back to Chile and Bolivia.

There is a hiatus at this juncture in official records. Peru withdrew her request to the Assembly without official comment. The opinion which I have heard expressed in South America laid this withdrawal to Article 21 of the Covenant:

> Nothing in the Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or *regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine,* for securing the maintenance of peace.

Nothing further is recorded until our State Department sent out the invitations which resulted in the signing of the Protocol of Arbitration by representatives of Chile and Peru in Washington, May, 1922.

Bolivia is not included in these negotiations and the Opinion and Award naturally do not take cognizance of Bolivia's claims as set forth to the Assembly. Yet in La Paz the people whom I met were imbued with the idea that it lay within the power of President Coolidge to restore to them their old seaport of Antofagasta. They may have been the victims of propaganda, but whether mistaken in their premise or not, the psychology of the situation must be reckoned with. The interests of Bolivia are inextricably involved in the plebiscite of Tacna-

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Arica. And through Bolivia the participation of the United States may assume a different character.

The following two press reports of December 30 from Washington afford a clue. The Associated Press says:

> General Pershing's approach to the Tacna-Arica problem has been characteristic of the aggressive soldier . . . In Arica he set out to devise a thoroughly fair and free plebiscite in the disputed provinces and insisted upon regulations heretofore virtually unknown in the Latin-American election system . . . The difficulties have approached a deadlock.

The second report says:

> One possible solution of the trouble which may have the support of this government is the purchase of the disputed territory by Bolivia. It is hinted that the United States might aid Bolivia in financing the purchase if this course proved agreeable to Chile and Peru.

The citizens of Bolivia would undoubtedly welcome Arica as a seaport of their own. But are the dwellers in Tacna and Arica to have the right of so-called self-determination, or is their nationality subject to barter? Will they want to become Bolivian citizens just because Chile and Peru cannot agree? And will they care to accept the obligations as well as the benefits of Bolivian citizenship? For the present Bolivian government has recently contracted a heavy loan with banking interests of the United States. The people of Tacna and Arica in becoming Bolivian citizens will be subject to taxes and to import and export duties to cover the interest on this loan for which the railway, the national banks, the excise taxes and many other sources of income have been made the security. Moreover, the national finances are to be administered by a commission of three members, two of whom shall be appointees of the New York bank negotiating the loan. This practically places the political sovereignty of the Bolivian people in the control of American business interests. This development of financial control, which has gone forward in the Latin-American countries so rapidly in the last ten years, has thrown a choking cloud of doubt around the integrity of purpose of the Monroe Doctrine. If negotiations should go forward for the settlement of the Pacific question along lines of Bolivian purchase, Tacna and Arica are likely to prove the grave of the Monroe Doctrine no less than if arbitral intervention of the United States government under military administration fails of its purpose to bring to fruition an honest vote in the disputed area.

The United States is in a difficult position. Shall we stick our head in the sand and remain unconscious for a while longer of the changing trend in Pan-American affairs, or shall we reëxamine the Monroe Doctrine and if there be virtue in it revivify it with the modern idealism of international coöperation? Or if it be dead, as many leading men and women in the South American nations believe, shall we give it decent burial?

AMY WOODS.

There's My Education

THIS morning, quite by chance, I happened on my education. I was looking for something entirely different—a bundle of foolscap, I think it was, (that priceless possession)—when I opened a drawer and there was my education. It was neatly stowed away, course by course, with the label on each. "This is Mathilda's doing," I thought to myself, and smiled. Mathilda has a respect for education, never having had any. She believes in it. For that matter, I thought, as I looked at those neat bundles of notes, so do I. It's a fine thing to have an education. I took mine out and began to look it over.

The first package was labelled General English II. It began with Shakespeare. I surveyed the list of plays by periods with some satisfaction. I had known that once, and all the sources too. They were more pat in my head than the Lord's prayer the morning I went in to the examination. Turning a lump of pages, I arrived at the Romantic Movement. "Classicism and Romanticism," I read, "are 2 ways of taking life. One makes for certain sorts of things & other for other—(a)—(b)—." I had once known which sorts of things Romanticism made for, and vice versa. I still know that everything Classic is bad, and everything Romantic is good. The professor was at such pains to make that clear that the impression still remains. I forget now why it is, but that is not important. The value of an education is that it gives you sound opinions like this to stand on—maxims, one might call them, which La Rochefoucauld says are crutches for the weak minded. But it is an art to walk with crutches: only a trained mind can do it. It is a distinction of the educated, like walking with a cane. Unfortunately General English II stopped with the Victorians, so beyond Stevenson I have never walked very secure. I have to lean there merely on what I like.

I fell next to turning over the pages marked Major History. There I found recorded the conversion of St. Augustine.

> (1) Became infl. by Ambrose—figurative interp. old Test.
> (2) Infl. also by books of Platonic Philosophy.
> (3) A Xtian friend came to talk to him & told him of sacrifices of others. Rushed to garden & had a mental struggle.
> (4) Converted.

History, thought I to myself, is the most dramatic and human study in the curriculum, and I turned a page and came upon a list of twenty dates. In the margin was a modern date, embellished with exclamation points. "Emily was pretty, but really too plump at a prom," I mused, as I turned from the Results of the Investiture Struggle to the Causes of the Hundred Years' War.

I glanced at Minor Biology. This is not a part of my education I should care to recall, even if I could. It is enough that I have had it. The facts of mitotic

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and amitotic division, of the difference between an 18-hr. chick and a 63-hr. chick, have ebbed from my mind, and I do not regret them. They have left a mineral deposit of opinions which suffice for my biologic needs. "After all," I can say to Mathilda, and clinch any argument from milk to ants' eggs, "I have studied biology, and you haven't."

Biology belongs to the amœbic sciences. There are, as I observed in college, but two proper starting points for a course in any liberal subject: Aristotle and the amœba. I should have no confidence in a course which did not begin with one of them, for it is certain that there is no act, fact or fancy in the world which hasn't been defined by the one or exhibited in its rudiments by the other. Aristotle and the amœba are the twin legs of learning. Without them it could neither stand nor advance.

That is why philosophy and psychology are such sound studies. They refer constantly to both. I picked up the notes to these two courses with affection. I remembered with pleasure the conundrum about the field mice—if the mother mouse eats wheat, and then produces young, do the young mice get their souls from the wheat, or—I forget how it goes. But at any rate there's the one about somebody's ass and the haystacks. Of one thing I am quite sure, and that is that there is no freedom of the will, for I once wrote a thesis to prove this and got 98 on it. I am also water-tight on psychology. I can pish and pshaw with anybody at poor Mr. McDougall, and misguided Professor Bergson; I know that there is no such thing as separate instincts; that the Elberfeld horses most certainly did not exhibit reason; that what is wrongly called consciousness is nothing but the sum of all existing stimuli at any given moment. Have I not read Watson from cover to cover? Have I admitted that I didn't find a word I could understand in the whole book? When I am seventy I shall say as complacently as I now do—"that's all very well, but I'm a Behaviorist, you know." Where will Watson be then, poor thing? It doesn't matter. Like Max Beerbohm, I shall fail to keep pace with other leaders of thought as they pass into oblivion. But I shall never be unfaithful to my education.

I open another bundle of notes. "Preuves de la thèse," I read, with a pretty little diagram and a list of arguments to prove that the manuscript 0 of the Chanson de Roland is the most authentic of all. O rare erudition! The Chanson de Roland will never be to me the mere poem it is to other people. I shall think of the manuscript 0, and the seven violations of the rules of assonance, and the preuves de la thèse that I once could write in French. An aura of mediæval universities is all around me.

The list of required reading in economics begins with a hearty assignment out of Aristotle, so that's all right. As I turned through these voluminous notes I sighed. There are few people who do not sigh over economics. Indeed it is odd that the closer a subject lies to the common matters of life, the more abstract does the study of it become. When I consider that the price of my poached egg at breakfast is determined at the point where the declining line of marginal utility cuts the rising line of costs of production, it takes my appetite away. That once I could draw the diagram, or even that once I could trace the whole development of the Theory of Value from the Wealth of Nations through Ricardo, Mill and Jevons to the Böhm-Bawerk, (or Austrian) School, is no consolation to me. A diagram is easy to memorize and easy to forget, but it does not lend color to an egg. What I do remember vividly about the classical school of economists are mere personalities. And they give rise to uncharitable thoughts. Adam Smith was stolen (but alas not kept) by the gypsies when he was two years old, and Jevons, poor man, was drowned swimming off Cornwall. If I had but been a few years sooner. Now I hold nothing against the Professor who taught me economics. He was, I think, as bored as I, and he did his best to make things easy by arranging his notes in Chapters and ¶s and reading them off so the class could get everything down exactly as he had it. But even this did not entirely engross me. I found a page of devils in the middle of Karl Marx, and my Ricardian Socialists went on record thus:

> . . . *Thompson* wrote an inquiry
> About wealth's inequality
> He urged all women to unite
> And was the most important quite.
> A third Ricardian was *Gray*
> Whose treatises were recherché
> From figures that he had deduced
> Labor got fifth of what produced . . . etc.
>
> These persons one and all were sure
> That capital ground down the poor.
> They thought A. Smith was quite reliable
> That Malthus was a second Bible.

But my spirits never rose so high again.

Now it must not be supposed that I was or am dissatisfied with my education. I am not one of those people who think they would have been what they are no matter what they were. I believe I am indebted to my education. The older I grow the more I appreciate what it has given me, and the more freely I subscribe to the Alumni Fund to keep it as it was when I had it. Without it I should not know what to think on a variety of subjects about which I now hold intelligent opinions. I should not be quite sure there was nothing in the freedom of the will, for instance, or I might make a serious break in cultivated circles on the classical age in literature. No. As I laid my education neatly back in its drawer, I was not dissatisfied. Truth is, after all, as Aristotle says, ἡ Ἀλήθεια. It is the only education I have got. It came at somebody else's expense.

And besides, it takes up very little more room in the drawer than the other paper I was looking for when I found it. GOBBO.

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Washington Notes

I THINK I have before pointed out in this place the extraordinary political effectiveness of the informal luncheon or dinner invitation from the White House. More than any one or any two of his predecessors the present President uses this method of campaigning and the results are astounding. The few who appreciate the extent of these invitations and the widely varied type of those thus entertained are firm in the conviction that they are far more potent in their strengthening influence upon Mr. Coolidge than is the presidential patronage so generally accepted as the principal political power of a Chief Executive. Appointments as a method of solidifying support and allaying hostility simply do not compare with invitations. It was the custom of other Presidents, with Congress engaged in combat over the really big bills and with the fate of administration measures hanging in the balance to send for House and Senate leaders, daily confer with them, map out a plan of campaign, put the presidential weight and influence directly back of them, supply the necessary direction and leadership. Even Mr. Harding did that—but it isn't Cal's way. In the most critical stage of the World Court fight Republican Senators who were leading it got no word from the White House, seldom went there and when they did, got no inspiration, encouragement or ideas. While the fight was on, Senator Curtis, the official majority leader, in reply to a taunt from the other side, replied that "the Senator from Kansas does not have to get instructions or information from the White House."

He might have added with equal truth he not only did not have to get information or instructions but they could not be got if he sought them. It is the same way in the tax fight now being waged. The President is neither making nor directing the fight. He is not sending for Senators, making his views clear, putting pressure on, telling his supporters how far they can go with safety. He is not, as a matter of fact, doing a thing except mildly hoping to the correspondents that things will come out all right, mildly deprecating this or that amendment, mildly expressing through the presidential Spokesman some obvious view or reiterating his belief in the things to which his unified press supporters are already enthusiastically committed.

What he is doing is playing his own little game in his own little way in the White House, keeping his suspicious eye warily on things in general, continuing solemnly to meet the correspondents twice a week, when he avoids answering embarrassing questions, is noncommittal or platitudinous on the big subjects and garrulous about the little ones. But almost every day he has some more or less obscure person to lunch. They come from all sections of the country and almost invariably have or are supposed to have political, business of journalistic influence in their sections.

The method is this: dear old Papa Stearns or some one or other of the little White House-Massachusetts group learns that some such man as this is in Washington with his wife. He may have called at the White House to see Secretary Sanders, or he may have stopped in at National Committee headquarters, or he may have been seen in the Senate gallery, but a little while later the telephone message to the hotel is received asking him and his wife to lunch. They go and they lunch en famille. There is little or no conversation on the part of the President. No politics is talked. No funny stories are told. Mrs. Coolidge is delightful, vivacious and charming. The President is solemn and silent. They leave, go back to the hotel and find that flowers have arrived for the lady from the White House. They return home more strongly convinced that Mr. Coolidge is a great man who ought to be President another term than they would have been had he offered them a place in the Cabinet or an ambassadorship. It is not surprising that they feel that way, particularly those to whom White House invitations have not been extended before. It is a form of flattery that few men are strong enough to resist—above all those whose wives are included in the invitations.

The amount of this informal and entirely private White House entertaining to which no publicity is attached is not in the least grasped. It is one of the chief White House policies and it is pursued with system, selective care and great diligence. It is in my judgment the most effective form of campaigning ever devised. Furthermore, no one else can duplicate it. My advice to those Republican leaders and Senators who believe that Cal's personal strength will have vanished by the time the 1928 convention rolls around is to check up a little on this luncheon game. They might ask Papa Stearns if they want detailed information. He does a lot of the arranging. Not many editors or owners of the really influential newspapers supporting the administration have been overlooked. Nearly all the publishers of the important farm journals, with their managing editors, have been down, and a considerable proportion of the women members of the National Committee have been sent flowers after being fed. And they are still coming. It is no strain on the President because he does not talk. He merely shakes hands, looks down his nose and listens. By the little White House group of advisers these informal private luncheons are considered of real importance—and I agree with them. Instead of trying to guide Congress and impress his views on his party leaders, which he would not be able to do if he tried, Mr. Coolidge does not try and devotes himself to playing the sort of politics he knows how to play, doing the sort of thing he can do—and in which he is far more interested than in the World Court proposal which was from the start more or less of an annoyance to him.

By the time this piece is printed the real fight over the Mellon-Coolidge tax bill will have developed in the Senate if there is to be a fight at all and it will be a fight of the left wing Republicans, not of the Democrats. There will be desultory Democratic support but the attack upon the whole theory of lightening the tax burdens of the very rich in order to benefit the poor will be a Progressive attack. These Progressives in the Senate are the only minority party with a program and few though they are in numbers I predict that before they get through, the serious Smoot, leader of the administration forces in the tax fight, will be a badly harassed and much rattled man. The pitiable plight of poor Senator Smoot in the last tax fight is still fresh in the

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minds of the Senate and of side-line observers here. The opposition in that session went at him with such heat and ferocity that he was reduced to a horribly muddled state and the whole situation got out from under control. This time, with considerable Democratic support, he ought to have better luck and will probably get his bill through in a far less mangled shape than before, but neither he nor it will escape without scars. Last time he almost bled to death in plain sight of the galleries. Not in years had a Senator suffered so excruciatingly or been hacked to pieces more mercilessly. Already, even before the debate on the bill has begun, the recollection of his torture last time renders Senator Smoot desperately unhappy as he looks ahead. You can see it in his face.

It is absurd to continue being surprised at the failure of the newspapers to react normally and naturally over revelations of an unfavorable nature concerning the present administration. The reason for the complete paralysis of the critical faculty in the daily press except toward critics of the ruling régime, has been repeatedly pointed out in this column. No man of discernment and experience is any longer mystified by their attitude. They know that it is based, as forcefully illustrated by Senator Couzens in his statements and speech, in large measure upon the attitude of the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Mellon-Coolidge effort to cut down the high surtaxes most and first. "Give me control of that Internal Revenue Bureau," a politically weather-beaten but exceedingly wise Senator said to me the other day, "with its power to decide these tax appeals two or three or four different ways any one of which is technically legal, and I will control the politics of the country and keep the press with me too." It is a pregnant remark. The more you ponder it the more pregnant it seems. So long as things are as they are there will be no peep from the press whatever takes place. I fully recognize that and was not amazed by the absence either of journalistic comment upon the exposure of the Attorney General's incredible ignorance and incompetency or any editorial shock over the suppression of evidence in the Aluminum case. The absence of comment upon these things is what we have now come to expect; but merely for the purpose of the record, I want to register my belief that the recital by Senator Norris of Mr. Coolidge's attitude, action and conversation in his dealings with Mr. Culbertson, who was during the last campaign a member of the Tariff Board and is now Minister to Rumania, constitutes the most humiliating evidence of the playing of small politics by a President of the United States of which I have any knowledge.

In effect, Senator Norris charges—and it has not been denied by anyone—that with trumped-up charges held over him as a club on the one side and a diplomatic place dangled as a bribe before his eyes on the other hand, Mr. Coolidge, personally, asked Mr. Culbertson if he could not delay the embarrassing report of his board recommending a lowering of the tariff on sugar until after the election. It is all right for some ward captain or precinct leader to play politics that way but I submit for a President of the United States personally to adopt such methods is, to put it mildly, shabby and second-rate. That it can be done by a President with little or no newspaper criticism throws an illuminating light upon our times.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Paderewski

PADEREWSKI plays a Polonaise of Chopin. He has been round the world, garnering glories. Prime Minister of his newborn Poland, he has sat with the great, helping to place a dream upon the map of Europe. He is sixty-five years old and he is gray. There, in the darkened hall, are men and women — thousands of women. Their programs do not rustle. Their dainty hands lie tense in silken laps. When Paderewski stepped from the wings, they rose. And there was the hush of a profound acceptance. Paderewski plays a Polonaise of Chopin.

Chopin wrote sweet mellifluous rhymes: a minor song made intricate by subtle fingers. But Paderewski has been king in the great world. And here is Chopin, and there are ladies—substance and audience for Paderewski's greatness. The frail weave of a gentle poet is made to roll, to thunder: harmonies gossamer-fine are clashed to accolades: slim cadenzas coil into rumbling ruminance, burst into martial sallies. Chopin disappears, wistfully awry, upon the altar of Paderewski's greatness.

What is he thinking, as he sits and sends, for the thousandth time, his pæan—brilliant as an army with scimitars, sweet as the plaint of love—to the abject ladies in the Concert Hall? Does he enjoy this almost visible image of a conqueror's car crushing the bodies of his eager victims? Does he think of his music? Does he know Paderewski?

He is master of melody, and all his life is builded on a Discord. His will is great. But the world and the substance in which he chose to work did not measure with that will. In all his acts a dissonance is there. The will of the man becomes a frustrate spirit glowering at his work, torturing his music out of shape: his will, not realized in the act it takes, becomes the foe of its act.

Such discord, in such high terms, gives tragedy and gives that luminous aspect to the man which makes him at the very lowest the cynosure of all those smaller discords: the men and women of the world. Why was Paderewski born fifty years later than Lizst? Or rather, what flaw held him from seeing clear the fifty intervening years? Lizst, young in 1830, culled the ripe Romantic harvest, apace with Victor Hugo and with Schumann. Schumann was dead when Paderewski saw the light in the Poland of 1860. His first years were hard. Paderewski was no child prodigy. Rather than make a show of immature achievements, he knew starvation, he knew the wrack of want for those he loved and was powerless to help. A man approaching thirty rose at last from a life and from a land that knew defeat: and won Vienna, London, Paris. Defeat had made his will for triumph hard. Nietzsche was in the temper of this Pole, who with a piano conquered Europe in terms so clear that at once his name rose to a place above and distinct from the virtuosi of his time. Music was in his hands; but his mind spoke dominance. Nietzsche's superman loved Dionysian music. Lizst, on the

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contrary, playing Lizst, remained an abbé. Here was Paderewski, striking the note of Dionysius—and playing the music of Lizst! He failed to see the contradiction. The master must have a lash of leather, not of roses. Who deals in flowers should not dream of Cæsar.

Romantic, lordly, this man who looked his part, looked too much at his part—and not enough at Beethoven and Bach. Too swift and easy was the conjunction of his iron will with the sweet melodies of romance which (with the appetite for them) he found about him. He triumphed, of course. Any man who with the eloquence of genius exhorts the public to what the public wants, is sure to triumph. And any man whose eloquence *is* genius is bound to be dissatisfied with such triumph. So, about 1900, Paderewski's name grew rare in the concert bills of Europe—although his legend waxed. It was known that he had retired with his wife, to devote himself to composition.

But discord cannot live in music. There it must be fused to the final unity of vision and of act. You cannot shut one part of your soul from your song, and make song truly great. Paderewski was confronted, once again, with the frustration that haunts him in success. Here was a man of heroic stamp. Nietzsche would have loved this stature of a tyrannos, his brow clear-deep, the mouth set tense and subtle. But what election did the hero make, making his music? He had conquered the concert halls of the world with the superlative playing of the century's secondary songs. Giving his crowds with manly gesture feminine stuffs, he had not cheated them by half so much as he cheated himself. Here now, again, in his own music he had recourse to all the gilded idioms which the romantics, the epigones after Beethoven, had made so current and so easy! The greatness of Paderewski remained discarnate. He knew alas! knew he was great, too well, to let his music humbly, falteringly aspire to knowledge.

Ten more years. There have been critics of course to heap superlatives upon the compositions of a superlative man. Henry Theophilus Finck of the Evening Post never tired in his asseveration that Paderewski was the greatest composer alive—except when it was to shift his comedy by cursing Brahms and the moderns, and putting Lizst with the highest of the immortals. But the song, itself, throve not. They who admired it were not the kind to hearten Paderewski. Perhaps he sensed ere the intricate, well written work was off his table, how great the abyss between his sumptuous will and what he had achieved.

The War—and Poland! Paderewski shared the passionate patriotism of his people. About the Podalian cradle of the future master, the romantic warrior Kosciuzko was as urgent as the romantic Chopin. Here at last . . . perhaps . . . was the Way glorious enough to carry Paderewski's will. In those early days, ere America came in, one saw him of an afternoon, walking in Central Park. Already the millions of American Poles had made him their leader. He strode silent, between gesticulant friends. His hands were clasped behind his back. His hair was still the music lion's mane. Upon it, incongruous, was a derby hat. Why did the hat seem to mock the magnificent hair? What bitterness could lurk in this adventure, even if it failed? It succeeded. As ever, the fates harmoniously worked to further an essential discord. Balfour sent Paderewski, via Danzig, to a Poland that clapped together in the unity of its acclaim. He was the greatest Pole; he was the leader. At Versailles, the Conference was his instrument. And with the help of his friends . . . Colonel House among them . . . he molded a living Poland out of the dreams exiled till then in music.

Let it be put to his credit: he was a moderate among the nationalists. He dreamed of a nation. This dynastic creature which uprose in Warsaw was not his desire, and desired not him. The nation was there. Now, let the wolves run! The Polish Diet progressively cut down its margin of confidence, as its need grew less. Finally, it let Paderewski slide . . . graceful and erect . . . from the seat of State back to the stool of his piano. The superiority of the man over his fellows needs no better proof. If he was not a statesman in the creative sense, at least he was not a politician.

Paderewski's wealth was gone: but Poland was reborn. A Poland no better than her western sisters. By the high measure of the man himself, Paderewski failed again since the nation he helped create fell in at once with all the tedious, outworn, rotten politics of France and Britain. Paderewski's way, once more, had been an accepted way. Under the romanticism of his music hid weakness. Under the cover of his nationalist dream lurked conventional ideas, faded idealisms—and worked the old evils of political lust. . . .

Paderewski plays, after the high full years, a Polonaise of Chopin. Chopin is strained honey. Paderewski's fingers have become as steel. The will of the man has found a way at last. It turns the lyric hands of the pianist into iron. And the iron turns Chopin . . . and Beethoven and Schumann . . . into Paderewski.

Hear this Valse: how the man makes an engine for his passionate desire out of that timid butterfly of music. Hear this Beethoven: how Paderewski takes the humble master and refits him into Paderewski.

This gives you the man. Perhaps he was never genuinely great, because he knew not how to lose himself. To exalt Chopin to Paderewski: that was glory, perhaps. But to lose Paderewski in Bach was a task beyond him. All his triumphs are a masquerade: are Paderewski's will seeking an act to flesh it and never finding it, because no will can come to life that does not die.

If he had played so well the deeper, the less pyrotechnic masters: if he had composed his music out of the stammerings of his soul rather than with the glib regalias of the conventional masters: if, loving Poland, he had dared espouse the need of the Pole rather than the name of a nation, dared to seek his aid from the true thinkers and lovers of mankind rather than from the stylish "great" who dined him in Washington and exploited him in Paris——

Paderewski plays a Polonaise of Chopin. A magnificent man sits at the piano, wrenching from sweet song a furious gamut that it does not hold. An imperious man bows low in the darkened hall, before the ecstatic ladies. Melody—as in no other of our age—at the behest of iron. Irony. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

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The Great God Brown

The Great God Brown, by Eugene O'Neill. Greenwich Village Theatre, January 23, 1926.

I HAD the curious experience with The Great God Brown of being moved with something that I felt behind the play, but almost always untouched by the play itself. It may be that such an observation makes no sense, that the only way in which such an impression could be received would be through the play, where else should we get it? Let it go at that, then, and say at any rate that I felt a torment of spirit, a groping love of life, a bitter pity and goodness, a warm and courageous desire, that make me, like so many other people in America, wish Eugene O'Neill well, wish that it may be granted to him to fulfil his talent and devotion. I admired the passion for fresh and powerful dramatic form in Eugene O'Neill, and I felt like lining myself up in defense of the audacious integrity of his mood. But by the play itself as it went on I was entertained only now and then, during the first half perhaps, and afterward only interested in what was being undertaken.

The writing in The Great God Brown is unequal, sometimes beautiful and keen, often well chastened toward the dramatic point to be expressed, often obvious, sometimes flat, poor poetry, third-rate taste. Now and again the idea is poignant and carrying, now and again commonplace or worse. Sometimes a beautiful speech like that of the intolerable chalice of life fails to stop and runs off into mediocrity. I confess to embarrassment sometimes, even, as for instance when the officer standing over the dead Brown-Dion asks what his name is and the all-wise prostitute says MAN—that seems only second-rate Andreyev in his symbolic vein, and Andreyev can be bad enough.

The part of this new play that has the most immediate interest, of course, is the use of masks. Each of the leading characters is shown with two faces, his own, which represents what he is, and the mask that expresses only the distortion of himself that some may see. The surety with which this device has been employed and has been made necessary to the play's meaning and very existence indeed, the direct economy of the mask's application, appear when we try to tell in words the story. Any such account of it must be a mere travesty.

There are two sets of parents in business together. One of them has a son who is poetic and gifted. The son of the other is matter-of-fact, honest, persistent and practical. Both youths are close friends, both love the same girl, Margaret. The girl loves Dion, though she knows nothing of his real self. She marries him. They sell his share of the business to Brown, and go abroad. There are three children born. Brown, still loving Margaret, has never married. Dion has squandered his estate, has been a painter, a failure, an uncertain husband. Through Margaret's intercessions he is employed in Brown's office, his designs convert the architecture of the firm into imagination and art. There is a prostitute who gives to Dion an understanding that he has never had from his wife, however devoted she may be to him. Brown takes over the prostitute and supports her richly, in order to keep Dion faithful to his wife. Time passes, Dion under the strain of life and the pain of hard reality against his sensitive dreams, degenerates further and further. He has, nevertheless, what Brown never can have, the gift of life. He dies, his mask is put on by Brown, who, unknown to her, takes Dion's place with Margaret and gives her back the old happiness of the first days with Dion. Meanwhile Dion is supposed to be secluding himself by day at Brown's office, working at the designs. Margaret comes for him. In this crisis Brown declares that Dion has suddenly died. There is a cry of murder, the officers pursue, Brown is shot, he and Dion, now merged into one, die. In the epilogue Margaret, an old woman, masked to her three sons, speaks to them of their father.

The settings by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones are as courageous as the play. With extraordinary insight they achieve the dramatic point of the scenes they translate into stage décor. The high, overwhelming panel of the filing cabinet in Brown's profitable and laborious office, the walls of the prostitute's room bursting into red blossoms when Brown has set her up in luxury, these scenes are theatrical in the deepest sense. Mr. Jones's directing is equally close to the play's method. He cannot put acting into the players, and their performance remains only adequate and never compelling. But the lay-out of the stage movement, of the positions, of the emphasis of individuals and groups is distinct and telling. Miss Leona Hogarth as Margaret and Mr. Robert Keith as Dion have at least a sympathetic relation to their rôles. Miss Anne Shoemaker's prostitute, sure to be admired in many quarters, seemed to me an unctuous and rather tiresome performance, full of important missions to perform, not translucent in spirit, but conscious of meanings, and subtly lacking somehow in taste. Mr. William Harrigan, with the fat rôle of Brown, was never tragic, ironical or poignant, though he has naturally perhaps a certain soldier-boy pathos in a small way. But he gave the sense of a good professional security, a kind of inherited dispatch and competency, of a sincere mind and a fine obligation to the play, and he never missed a point.

Of such a technical device as this use of masks, which is kept up all through The Great God Brown from the first line to the last curtain, two points are to be made. The first is that the unfamiliarity or rarity of such a device, the more or less innovative side of it, will make the play more admirable and exciting to some people and to others will be a hindrance, an annoyance or a confusion that hurts the play's effect. This condition is a matter of time only and acquaintance; a further use of masks in plays would more or less dispose of it. The second point is that when once a device is adopted in a drama and the expressive meaning of it has become clear, the continued significance or suggestiveness of its use will depend on the artist's imagination. You could take a knife and fork to represent a man and wife. But to achieve anything important there must then be imagination exercised in the use of these symbols, otherwise you have only the regular story, plus the knife and fork instead of man and wife, and have achieved nothing beyond the first device, the initial metaphor.

In The Great God Brown the masks are used well.

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Coming on and off as they do when these human beings confront one another, they say quickly and clearly certain things that need to be said. They are made immensely economical; they are made to justify themselves by being made expressive; they say what nothing else in the play says or could quite say. On the whole, too, they manage not to be confusing or even very difficult, unless it be toward the last, when Brown puts on Dion's mask. By this time the masks are used not only to express the real character and the character sometimes shown the world, but also to express the transfer of one man's personality to another, to carry perhaps one soul into another body. In this part of the play the idea is harder to state, though it is more or less felt. As to a profoundly imaginative use of the masks, points at which their use became a radiant necessity and a great leaping image full of creative life, I should have less to say. For me there were only two such places, though they were extraordinary. The moment when the prostitute, out of her understanding and love, hands the wretched Dion his mask to put on, like a shelter that her heart knows, startles and moves you. At the last when we see Dion's wife talking to the mask of the dead man whom she has loved but never known as he was, folding him now like a child in the bosom of her love, when we see that and realize that it is still only his mask that she kneels to there, the motive becomes suddenly luminous and revealing.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

France's Debt: The Danger of Deferred Payments

SIR: The approach of the solution of the French debt problem on one side of the water has been that of the banker-politician, on the other that of the politician-banker; the element of statesmanship, i. e., solicitude for the relations of the two countries in the long future has been lacking. The same feature has been implicit in other debt settlements, but the French negotiation is the one that brings it out most clearly.

The American representatives have tried to get as much as they decently can—the banker attitude. Knowing they cannot get the principal debt, with full interest on it over the entire period of payment, they say, "What is your best possible per annum over five-year lustra?" Having ascertained that annual sum for each five-year lustrum, let us stretch out the lustra as long as possible so that, neglecting interest altogether or reducing its rate to an unreality, we can say to our voters (here comes in the political element): "The French can pay us only x dollars per annum, but we have drawn out the period to sixty-two years so that they will pay us 62 x, or the whole of their debt." The effect of having the French people pay large sums of money to the American—the French who even in prosperity have never been wealthy in the cash sense, to the Americans who for forty years at least have had the highest and most generally distributed degree of comfort in the world—has not been considered, or at least that consideration has been in no way conspicuous.

The French have adopted the converse attitude. "What is the least you will take?" they say to us. "That amount ascertained, separate it into sixty-two parts, for that makes each part smaller; make it payable over so many years, and make the earliest lustra the easiest." Concern for the feeling of the French taxpayer in 1970 towards the American people is less incumbent upon the French negotiators than upon ours; in any case they do not seem to have made anything of the point, but have willingly consented that their nation should go on paying tribute to America until 1987.

I suggest that the stretching of payments over a long period of time involves the following probable results, each of which ought to be avoided:

(1) The French taxpayer, and he will be everyone who is politically or intellectually of any consequence in the nation, will come to hate the Americans. The press, which will represent and also play up to the popular view, will make this dislike vocal and will influence it. The mass of a people entertains few and simple ideas; they go into the deeper and permanent strata of consciousness and become traditional; it will be ill for America if the French universally come to dislike her.

French journalists, aided by economists and accountants, will explain to the Frenchman in 1963 the exact pinch that American payments put upon him or upon French industry, the extent to which money needed for capital purposes is being drained out of the country. He will be told how much better off the country and he would be if more wealth were invested and more money in circulation; how much easier life would be for him if he could save his money and invest it—how much better education he could give his children, how much earlier he could "retire" to his little country property. For a few years the taxpayer will bear an extra effort without much grumbling; the Italians are making a gesture by raising a popular subscription to help pay America; the Englishman meets without articulate complaint the burden of that extra 6d. (7d. in 1933) in the pound which must be taken out of his necessities to make the comfortable American's comforts still more numerous. But how will they, most of them born after the War and in no way affected by its afflatus, feel in 1965 as to the burden of their own life-long payments, and as to the burden of the payments to be made by their children in their generation, and what will be to them the seeming return for their sacrifices?

(2) Any lapse in French payments will lead to prompt criticism by American officials, politicians and press of the important items of French expenditure, and therefore of each corresponding policy. Criticism will smoulder and blaze as to the colonial policies of France and their financial consequences, the development of her industry, [illegible] organization of her government personnel, her taxation [illegible]em and

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its incidence—all her larger disbursements, which will be criticized by an American public possessing no understanding of French civilization, of the relation of each policy to the national and social life, or of the effect of such criticism upon the French temperament and spirit. Whether a given criticism will be sound or unsound makes no difference. It will be taken as a master's criticism, and as such will be intolerable to a proud and sensitive people.

(3) If the United States is the creditor of France for large continuing payments, whatever we say to France or to the world about her policies will express a creditor's criticism. We shall have forfeited the right of expressing reasoned and reasonable judgments as to the effect of French action in the world; an opinion on French colonial policy as imperialistic, (if we should wish to express such an opinion), or on disarmament would be impossible; it would be said that we were thinking that another French policy might bring us more money. Our right to help form a world opinion in all such matters would be gone. What will this mean to a nation aspiring towards moral leadership?

(4) What is the criterion for determining "how much a country can pay?" In the United States there is an automobile to every five of the population, in France one to every sixty-six persons. In the United States there are sanitary arrangements, water supply, heating apparatus and coal, amusements, abundance of food, impossible in any equivalent degree to the French even when they make no debt payments at all. Insisting upon debt payments involves a determination that the French level of living shall be far below ours and remain so for sixty-two years; involves the further determination that if payment is at any time in default during that period, it will be for Americans from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Idaho and Georgia, to decide what the French scale of living shall be.

It was assumed in reparations discussions that "ability to pay" is an ascertainable mathematical fact. Nothing is further from the truth. Ability to pay is surplus; surplus can be known only after determining base; base in these cases is the national individual level of existence, a variable quantity.

It will be objected that any creditor has such a power over the manner of living of his debtor. The answer does not take into account the circumstances under which this non-commercial debt was created, nor the time-factor; individuals do not burden themselves and their kinsfolk with obligations whose payment is to run sixty-two years. And the objection is based on a false analogy between a private debt incurred directly by A to B for A's individual purposes, and a debt owing by one country to another, incurred in a war-struggle that was carried on in common, and to be paid by the taxation of 39,000,000 people for the benefit of 110,000,000. If A dies, leaving his debt to B unpaid, no obligation to pay it rests on A's next-of-kin, except out of their share in A's estate. It is a false analogy to say that the income of a Frenchman in 1965 will be part of an "estate" which he has received from the French who made the War.

The point that the lowering of the French scale of living for sixty-two years diminishes our chance of doing business with them, and that it is better to have an active customer than a squeezed debtor, I omit, intending here to deal only with non-economic relations between the creditor nation and the debtor nations.

I submit that from the elements briefly recited above are likely to arise consequences that will produce more pain and disturbance in Franco-American relations than dollars will assuage. In previous alliances financial help has taken the subsidy form—e. g., English funds to Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War and to Prussia in Napoleon's time—and have been written off. The continuance of a huge indebtedness by one allied country to another, involving financial servitude for a substantial length of time, is entirely new in the world's history; it bristles with difficulties and dangers; it were well not to prolong its duration, but to bring it to an end as rapidly as possible.

The argument for the consideration of the time-factor does not necessarily have to be accompanied by a positive proposal, but the lines of one may be suggested:

(a) The period of payment should not extend beyond what may roughly be called the post-war epoch, say 15-20 years, the remaining life-period of the bulk of the men who managed and fought the War and were subject to its dangers and emotions and the traceable consequences of its outcome.

(b) No scale of payment should be imposed which would lower the level of French national living seriously or for long, or which would for long inhibit a moderate accumulation of French capital.

(c) The whole commercial part of the debt should be allotted to the period fixed, in scaled instalments.

(d) Those instalments should be loaded with as much of the purely war debt as comes within the above limits.

(e) Forgiveness of the balance of the debt should not be asked by the French, but should be volunteered by us; it should be forgotten as well as forgiven.

If such debts as these had ever existed before, we should know what their effects are or are likely to be. I submit that the probability, or even the possibility, of these effects being dangerous is so considerable that the statesman mind should take the time-element into account as the most important factor in the problem.

If anyone should say that the views above expressed apply also to the fixation and payment of German reparations I should not know a rejoinder. Indeed, it may well be said that debts should not be mitigated or the period for their payment curtailed until they have been used to make a general clear-up of the whole nightmare of obligations—obligations that should be viewed with greater solicitude by the Secretary of State than by the Treasury Department. One might agree then that debts should remain unmitigated solely to serve as pressure towards a general settlement that would shortly wind up everything.

All such proposals will have to come from the American end. The debtors will not make them; they could not do so effectively.

CHARLES P. HOWLAND.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Holy Name Society

SIR: In your issue of January 13 you term the Holy Name Society crusade against stage profanity "a rather cowardly evasion of the real problem which the Holy Name Society undoubtedly doesn't dare tackle because of its size." And you go on to suggest that "the only honest attempt would be one which sought to deodorize and make fragrant the conversation of the general population."

On the face of this sarcastic, not to say florid, fling it will, without doubt, be enlightening to learn that "this genuine, man's size job," this "real problem," that we are accused of avoiding has been tackled by the Holy Name Society for some 650 years. The Holy Name Society—be it known to your writer—was founded in the year 1274 by Pope Gregory X to inculcate greater devotion to the Holy Names of God and of Jesus Christ. Its object is to spread and to increase love for the sacred Name of Jesus and to suppress blasphemy, profanity and indecent language. It may also be interesting to note that this Society numbers over a million men in the United States.

If you will take time to read my speech in full—(I am enclosing a copy with my compliments) you will see that "the general population" came in for more blame than did the stage and was held responsible in great part for the abuse of the name of Jesus. The newspapers featured stage profanity; "the general population" references did not seem to come under the head of "news."

Had your editorial writer taken the pains—as he certainly should have—to inquire into the origin, purpose and history of the Holy Name Society he might have argued more along the lines of profanity as an aspect of art, but when he accuses us in his flippant way of dodging the very reason for our existence as a Society he displays not only bias but downright ignorance of the subject in hand.

EUGENE J. CALLAHAN.

New York, N. Y.

[We are glad to print Doctor Callahan's letter, and to give our readers the additional information it contains. Our editorial paragraph was based on a newspaper report of his speech; but comparison of this report with the full text shows that the former was accurate, and we do not feel that our comment did any injustice to his argument. The fact that the Holy Name Society is of great age and has many members does not answer the criticism which we made and here repeat. We do not feel that the Society nor any other group of reformers has the right to censor the work of dramatists or other artists merely because of dissatisfaction with the conditions in real life which these artists portray. Doctor Callahan does not answer this, the main point of our comment which was directed not only against the Holy Name Society but against all similar self-constituted critics of the theatre, literature, motion pictures, etc. We suggested that the only legitimate field for the moral crusader is in seeking to change the habits of the general population. While it is true that Doctor Callahan deplored the use of profanity among the public, he did not propose the inauguration of any general campaign comparable to his specific suggestion for bringing pressure to bear on the dramatists. —THE EDITORS.]

Mr. Cummings and Mr. Kohn

SIR: I think Alice Wesenberg's lengthy condemnation of me in the December 30 issue of the New Republic rather regrettable, because it is evident that she herself admires Mr. Cummings's work for reasons which I do not believe to be very different from those which underlie my own enthusiasm.

To begin with, let me say that I have a rather extensive knowledge of Gongorism and of the history of conceits in poetry, both continental and English; that I am fully aware of the recrudescence of the tendency toward conceits in the New Poetry of recent years (particularly in the work of the Imagists and Maxwell Bodenheim); and that I took all this for granted before I began to write about Mr. Cummings. And of course anyone who has seen The Whimsy Anthology has seen typography pictorially employed. Yet that usage of typography (despite its antiquity, which I freely concede) is so limited and uncommon that I believe I had a right to call it experimental. Besides, in XLI Poems Cummings uses typography pictorially only in the opening poem: elsewhere he employs unorthodox typography for sonal effects, using punctuation as a composer uses dynamic markings in music. And while Hugo and Espronceda (and many others) anticipated him in this, they altered ordinary typographical usages only to emphasize or elaborate rhythms already in use—not to create new rhythms, as Cummings does.

But the principal point of my article was not Cummings's creation of new rhythms and new forms, significant as that may be. Much more significant, I think, is the fact that he has made poems out of objective impressions empirically recorded. That is a larger contribution to verse than any metrical or structural innovation, because it reveals a new field for poetic exploitation, and a new manner of handling the material that field offers.

the skinny voice
of the leather-faced woman

may not evoke the glamor of youthful dreams, nor the Elizabethan quality which both Miss Wesenberg and I admire. Yet seen through Cummings's eyes it is essentially romantic. It is youth finding color and picturesqueness in the actualities which surround it. And I know Miss Wesenberg will agree that it is definitely poetry.

What else matters?

WALTER F. KOHN.

Chicago, Ill.

Who Started the War?

SIR: I submit a question concerning Professor Fay's article in your issue of January 6, 1926, entitled: Who Started the War? which is a review of ex-Chancellor Marx's article on war responsibility in the current issue of Foreign Affairs.

Marx is absolutely silent regarding the time-honored doctrine that Germany, about July 27-30, 1914, strove to induce Austria to "yield." Such claim was set forth by Fay in 1920 in the American Historical Review. It was elaborated in five successive stages or demarches in 1921 by Hans Delbrück in the March number of the Contemporary Review. At present, historians seem to vary from complete acceptance of the point to complete rejection. Revisionist writers seem generally to accept the claim, as well as to regard it as a major point in the whole argument on war guilt.

Therefore the total eclipse of the point in Marx, and Fay's total omission to take note of the eclipse quite fills me with surprise. Has the claim been established, or overthrown, or is it sidetracked? I could wish that Professor Fay or some one of like responsibility would restate the claim in case that his or Delbrück's statement of it some years ago has been rendered obsolete by subsequent documents or research. Since there are two errors, probably in the printing, in Delbrück's source references, a revised list by number, or text, is needed of the documents upon which the claimed point is based.

S. C. FEEMSTER.

Reno, Nev.

[We take it for granted that Chancellor Marx and Professor Fay made no reference to Germany's eleventh hour efforts to induce Austria to yield because they regarded this as now being proven and generally accepted by scholars in all countries. Even President Poincaré in his article in the October number of Foreign Affairs, page 16, admits that the German government "made a tardy attempt to bring the runaway car to a standstill."—THE EDITORS.]

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Whom Say Ye That I Am?

The Man Christ Jesus, by W. J. Dawson. New York: The Century Company. 452 pages. $3.

The Everlasting Man, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 344 pages. $3.

According to Saint John, by Lord Charnwood. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 317 pages. $3.50.

Jesus of Nazareth, by Joseph Klausner. Translated from the original Hebrew by Herbert Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company. 433 pages. $4.

THE question which Jesus asked his disciples on pagan soil still interests and still divides mankind. These books indicate the fact anew. That they all answer the question differently after two thousand years to think upon it implies that it is as unanswerable as it is fascinating. We are reminded of Socrates, who after a vain attempt to define courage, determined at least to cherish it.

The answer of Dr. Dawson is the answer of Protestant orthodoxy with one notable subtraction. He does not believe in the Virgin Birth. At least, like Mark and John, he does not mention it: he even speaks of Joseph and Mary as the parents of Jesus. Having dared to smother this gigantic myth in reverent silence, Dr. Dawson curls up in the cushion of orthodoxy. Although just issuing from the press, the book was written twenty-five years ago, before the cushion had flattened out. The Gospel of John goes on all fours with the Synoptics. Jesus therefore must needs cleanse the temple twice even though he seems equally astounded on each occasion. The transfiguration, though suggestively set on the moonlit snows of Hermon at midnight, is accepted as an objective fact. The resurrection of Lazarus occurred as narrated by John. The other evangelists failed to mention the incident, so responsible in the eyes of John for the fate of Jesus, because "the whole life of Jesus was so remarkable that they felt no need of discrimination" between gradated incidents of the miraculous. The stories of Jesus's own resurrection are all truly historical. The book is of the same genre as Papini's Life of Christ, though far more thoughtfully and subtly written. But it lacks the Damascene conversion which touched off Papini's blazing rocket. It is disheartening to find a book so unappreciative of modern scholarship thus hailed by the President of the Federal Council of Churches, "There is no question of the superlative merit of this life . . . I hope it will take its place among the great permanent contributions to literature and to Christian thought."

Mr. Chesterton of course is not content with Dr. Dawson's supernatural being, with miraculous powers and with the suggestions of Deity about him. For Mr. Chesterton Jesus is God. He likes to employ frequently the word which even Jesus employed sparingly. He enjoys fastening on a man the word which Jesus shrank from even fastening on the Invisible Spirit. Jesus is no more a man than man is a creature. Mr. Chesterton's valuation of Jesus is ingeniously prepared for by his valuation of man. The book is meant to parallel in the religious sphere Mr. Wells's Outline of History. It is an outline of spiritual history. The first half of the book is a scintillating attack—though the flashes die down more frequently than in Orthodoxy and Heretics—on evolution. The second half is an attack on Modernism. The cave man turns out to be not a fierce and cleverer monkey but an artist making his cave habitable by drawing animals. "Art is the signature of man" and no monkey ever made the first letter. "We cannot affirm this (religious instinct) or anything else about the alleged animal originally connecting man and the brutes, but that is only because he is not an animal but an allegation." "If we chose to project the human figure forward out of an inhuman world, we could only say that one of the animals had obviously gone mad." To see man as an animal sins "against that broad daylight of proportion which is the principle of all reality." Now the same daylight of proportion which refuses to see man as an animal refuses to see Christ as a man. The Gospel is "nothing else than the loud assertion that this mysterious maker of the world has visited the world in person. It declares that really and even recently . . . there did walk into the world this original invisible being . . . the Man who made the world . . . It is the one great startling statement that man has made since he spoke his first articulate word, instead of barking like a dog. Its unique character can be used as an argument against it as well as for it. It would be easy to concentrate on it as a case of isolated insanity, but it makes nothing but dust and nonsense of comparative religion." Nothing so paradoxical has fallen under the eyes of the reviewer since he read Nietzsche's Ecce Homo.

That Mr. Chesterton dances up and down in the paradox everyone knows. In this volume he sneers at those who find fault with the paradox for not being a platitude and declares that while no one can find in the words of Christ any platitudes about peace, paradoxes about peace abound. Now to the reviewer, at least, this effervescing book, for which both in preface and appendix its author almost apologizes, has seemed both the best revelation and the best justification of this exasperating man. That may be the reason why a reviewer in The Spectator calls this volume "probably the best Mr. Chesterton has written"—a statement, however, from which the present reviewer, who like Mr. Chesterton is growing old, reluctantly dissents. To any one who has accepted even the fundamentals of the Kantian epistemology, it is clear that what we see bears but a slight resemblance to what is true. Whether one is an Evolutionist or a Spiritualist or a Christian or all three at once, the invisible is more important than the visible. Chesterton delights us and halts our descent into the swamps of materialism because he expands and hardens that widespread philosophical conviction into a paradox. The further we get away from apparent truth, the nearer we approach the ultimate truth. He therefore takes the kingdom of heaven by the violence of the paradox and having shocked us by his audacity, shocks us once again by affirming that the paradox is after all the quintessence of common sense. To enter the kingdom of heaven by the paradox is the same as to enter it as a little child. And certainly a little child has all the glory of becoming a man simply by walking serenely into a world he knows to be quite different from the world he sees. Perhaps the child is the everlasting man and the paradox the natural avenue to truth.

But Lord Charnwood does not think so. No one who read his Lincoln, and rejoiced at the ease with which he took his way among the portentous tomes in which Lincoln's spirit lay embalmed, can fail to be glad that like his fellow-layman, Mr. Glover, he has ventured upon the holiest ground and "loitered in the Master's field." This volume is an illustration of the best English writing. A meandering urbanity is enwrapped in reverence. According to Saint John is a novel defense of the fourth Gospel and at the same time a keen yet reticent attempt to present the secret of Christ.

Convinced from a careful reading of the earlier Gospels that Jesus had a secret meaning in his claim to be the Messiah, he finds in this Gospel precisely that explanation of the

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meaning which unlocks the secret and at the same time unifies and clarifies the majestic tenderness of Christ. But the novelty of the volume lies in the strange theory by which Lord Charnwood is able to conserve Christ's revelation of the secret of his relation to God in those chapters which Christians most cherish in the New Testament and to reject those chapters of the same Gospel in which Christ appears as a belligerent defender of his divinity. It is a disciple of the apostle John who is immediately responsible for the book, and, while both he and the apostle may well have been confused in their recollections of what Jesus said in the public street, they would have guarded from all tarnish those holy words which, just before his death, Jesus spoke to his dearest friends. As for the rest, the startling miracles which are found only in this Gospel are accepted as loyally but less naïvely than by Dr. Dawson and less boisterously than by Mr. Chesterton. But it is the esoteric teaching of the Gospel that makes an acceptance of the miracles possible: it is not the other and earlier way around. "Our conception of his moral teaching loses its coherence and its force if divorced from that new sense of the relation between God and man, which Jesus strove to give to men. And this relation between God and men he did in fact reveal (if we believe it to exist) through the impression which he created of that relation to both in which he stood alone." There follows upon this deliberate acceptance of the unique relationship of Jesus to God and man an epilogue of unusual beauty in which Lord Charnwood publicly commits himself to "the great surrender" to the "faith which works only by love but which yet overcomes the world."

It is, however, the last book of the four which will probably be remembered the longest. "Of the necessity for such a book it is needless to speak at length," says the author truly: "It is enough to say that there has never yet been in Hebrew any book on Jesus the Jew which had not either a Christian propagandist aim, to bring Jews to Christianity, or a Jewish religious aim, to render Christianity obnoxious to the Jews." The book has now been translated into English by a canon of the Episcopal Cathedral Church in Jerusalem where Dr. Klausner, a devoted Zionist and for long the editor of the leading Hebrew literary journal, has lived for the past five or six years. Dr. Klausner states clearly that he is writing for Hebrews in order in the first place to resolve Voltaire's "contradiction" that "though Jesus was a Jew his followers were not" and in the second place "to provide in Hebrew a book which shall tell the history of the Founder of Christianity along the lines of modern criticism." An open-hearted reception of this work by Christians may prove to be the beginning of an epoch of coöperation between Jew and Gentile in the understanding of the central figure of the human race. It is significant that it is the first conspicuous scholarly fruit of Palestinian Zionism.

It need scarcely be said that Dr. Klausner would not answer the ancient question as any of our three authors have answered it. To him Jesus is neither supernatural, God, or Mediator. He is a man who, as John the Baptist believed himself to be Elijah, believed himself to be the Messiah. In this he was mistaken, but notwithstanding the mistake, Dr. Klausner recognizes him as "a force and an influence for which history has never yet afforded a parallel." He is not to be regarded as a lawgiver or as a prophet: "he lacks the prophet's political perception and the prophet's spirit of national consolation in the political-national sense." "Jesus is for the Jewish Nation a great teacher of morality and an artist in parable. He is *the* moralist for whom in the religious life morality counts as everything—In his ethical code there is a sublimity, distinctiveness and originality in form unparalleled in any other Hebrew ethical code . . . If ever the day should come and this ethical code be stripped of its wrappings of miracles and mysticism, the book of the ethics of Jesus will be one of the choicest treasures in the literature of Israel for all time."

Of the wrappings, Dr. Klausner makes short shrift. On the basis of a thorough knowledge of German Christian criticism whose findings he meticulously narrates, he discards the Gospel of John as an historical source save for the date of the crucifixion, though there remains "an exaggerated sense of nearness to God." Only the miracles of healing have historical value. The last supper is a garbled account of an ordinary Passover feast. The appearances of Jesus after his death are not the result of conscious deception. "There can be no question but that some of the ardent Galileeans saw their lord and messiah in a vision . . . The vision was spiritual and not material . . . But for this vision the memory of Jesus might have been wholly forgotten. Could the bulk of the Jewish nation found its belief on such a cornerstone?"

It is likely that the book will be most prized for the numerous Jewish parallels to the sayings of Jesus which this splendidly equipped writer gathers together and for the background of Jewish history and custom against which the figure of Jesus moves. There are many unfamiliar and illuminating, but alas! undated, quotations from the Talmud. To those, however, who are familiar with the recent literature from Schürer and Dauziger down to the present day, there is little that is actually new concerning Jesus's times. The Messianic unrest in Galilee, in particular, is pictured as more acute than is customary and some details of contemporaneous history are provided. The attack of Jesus on the Pharisees is regarded as too sweeping but fairly justified. Originality of thought is denied to him utterly. There is no word of his that is not to be paralleled in Jewish sources. There is however a change in shading. The fatherly character of God receives exaggerated emphasis. On this account God becomes no longer a national but a human possession. The "new sense of the relation between God and man" which Lord Charnwood attributes to Jesus is thus admitted, though not approved. Christianity is a denationalized ethic, suitable to a world of spirits rather than of nations. Consequently Judaism, which is both national and earthly, rejected it. Largely for that reason, apparently, the Gentile world has actually rejected it, though proclaiming its acceptance. "Jesus left the course of ordinary life untouched—wicked, cruel, pagan." Dr. Klausner defines Judaism as "a national world outlook with an ethico-religious basis" from which Jesus unconsciously departed by a teaching that could not "prove possible in practice."

The magnetism of the character of Jesus is found to reside in its extraordinary union of opposites. He is both humble and self-confident, forgiving and passionate, visionary and practical. The courage of Jesus is whittled down. For safety's sake he crosses the Jordan from the rule of Antipas into the safer territory of Philip. For a similar reason, after his tempestuous entry into Jerusalem and his cleansing of the temple as Messianic gestures, he retires each evening from the dangers of the city into the security of Bethany. Jewish custom prohibited this departure from the city after the Passover had been eaten: hence Jesus retired to "the furthermost district within the limits of Jerusalem" where, through the betrayal of his place of hiding, he was apprehended. "It suited his mood at the moment" to be silent through his trial and he acknowledged his Mes-

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sianic claim in the face of death "because it was impossible but that the soul and feelings of Jesus—a mystic, a dreamer and an enthusiast—should be stirred to their depths." What gave rise and color to the dreams is largely left unconsidered.

Thus, then, the various answers to the ancient question run today. Probably none of them satisfies the readers of this review as none of them satisfies the reviewer. But none of the books—unless it be Mr. Chesterton's—even at this late date, fails to enrich or to modify the answer which every thoughtful modern man must return for himself.

A. W. VERNON.

Henry Nevinson —Knight-Errant

More Changes More Chances, by Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 427 pages. $5.

AT the famous Washington Conference four years ago (you had not thought of that grave of glowing hopes as lying so far back in the past?) there was one member of the corps of foreign correspondents who commanded the devotion of all the journalists. In mind and heart he was young as the youngest, but the juniors could not do other than treat him as a veteran. His hair was silver, and his complexion of the ripeness associated with English country life. He had the bearing of a cavalry officer and the head of an ambassador—or, as some preferred to say, of a grand duke. You could not talk to him for an hour without realizing that here was one who had met nearly all the men of mark in the world. "Cities of men, and manners, climates, councils, governments," he knew them all and had read through most of them. Quite obviously a man of peace himself, he would confess that, for thirty years or so, he had made the better part of his living out of war; and this experience, whatever else it had done to him, had given him a touching and amusing affection for the old regular army. He had seen, at close range, more fighting in wars and revolutions than any journalist, and far more than any soldier. Like the man in Browning's poem, he had known leaders of revolts by the dozen. He had marched with foreign legions, had eaten rodent-rations in sieges, been wounded at Gallipoli, endured hideous things in Africa; stood in all the revolutions between the Iberian peninsula, the Baltic, and the Caucasus; and, whenever the Balkans happened to be disappointing, had found in Ireland, and even in England, more than enough of adventure to satisfy a healthy appetite for danger. We all said, and said repeatedly, that when Henry Nevinson came to write his life-story it would be an autobiography without a parallel.

He has done it, or at least the major part of it. So rich, however, has his life been, so packed with incident, that at the end of two crowded volumes he has brought it down only to the eve of the Great War. In Changes and Chances he recounted the story of a Victorian childhood and youth, in a setting of simplicity and puritanism which England, like America, will never see again, and he told of a young manhood spent among the movements of an inspiriting period of transition. Throughout this second volume we watch him moving continually at the centres of a world which, for a full generation, as the least instructed among us has learned to say, was big with the impending catastrophe. The book is well named. Nevinson, said an old colleague the other day, has taken all the chances and been in the thick of all the changes.

By ancestry coming from the English side of the Scottish border, Henry Nevinson, oddly enough, was born in those Midlands which, according to poetic authority, are sodden and unkind. Oxford University did almost nothing for him, except to furnish a traditional background for a career which, to Nevinson's perpetual annoyance, many people have thought they were describing when they talked of lost causes and impossible loyalties. Make mention of such absurdities in his hearing, and Nevinson may for your benefit develop a favorite thesis of his. Never by any chance, he will tell you, has he wasted an hour on a forlorn hope. All the causes to which his faith and effort were given have been winning causes: the redemption of London slum life, the freeing of Ireland and India, the liberation of Black Africa from the white exploiter, the social enfranchisement of English women, the release of European nationalities, or the British Labor movement. Thus it has been since he set forth as a young man, with, if you are to believe him, the slenderest intellectual equipment that the graduate of an ancient seat of learning could have possessed in any age. What the Oxford of Benjamin Jowett and the post-tractarians could not afford him he found for himself in the delightful Germany not yet subdued by the last of the Hohenzollerns. In London soon afterwards he was one of the ardent young spirits who gathered around Samuel Barnett for that most fruitful of social experiments, Toynbee Hall. No duty in East London, however, could hold Nevinson back from the other East. He was recruiting a British battalion to fight for Greece against Turkey in the war of 1897 when Massingham, most brilliant of radical editors and later his chief on the London Nation, chose him as his correspondent in the Balkans. Thereafter, whatever else he might be doing, Nevinson was never able to resist the call of the drum. He missed the Russo-Japanese War, but every other campaign found him in the saddle. He is the last survivor of the Old Guard of war correspondents, whose methods and memory he was to see extinguished by G. H. Q. and the censor during the late unpleasantness in Europe.

No one has ever seen doubt or hesitation in Nevinson. For him there is only one faith: the faith in human freedom, with its corollary, the hatred of cruelty and injustice wherever disclosed. This it is which took him time and again to the Balkan countries, made him the closest spectator of the first Russian revolutions, led him on the extraordinary journey in West Africa which brought the exposure of cocoa slavery, held him for twenty years as the champion of those Irishmen who were fighting for a nobler Ireland than that of the Fenian politician, and carried him, a gallant figure, through the tangled and embittered struggle for women's suffrage in England during the years just before the War. He hopes, as he says, to die as a member of the Labor party. For a devotee of freedom so absolute as he, I wonder whether that can be possible?

More Changes More Chances is, with its predecessor, a brilliant and intensely personal record of all this and very much more, the testimony of an Englishman who has enjoyed the two-fold advantage of action on many fronts and of friendship with most of the men who, in fighting and in creative thought, have led the van. If by

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chance the reader belongs to the company of those (there are such, and not a few) who distrust or detest the lost-winning causes of this disruptive epoch, he may be tempted to infer that the story of Henry Nevinson is not a book for him. That inference would be altogether wrong, and any person who drew it would thereby be depriving himself of a pleasure not lightly to be refused. For these two volumes must be placed upon the narrow shelf that is kept for the comparatively few great autobiographies. Their place is here by virtue of Nevinson's unique personal experience and of his style which is the joy and envy of every fellow-craftsman. And it is here also for yet another reason—the provision of as varied and fascinating a gallery of portraits, men and women, as can be found in the range of contemporary English biography.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

The Roots of Russian Literature

Modern Russian Literature, by Prince D. S. Mirsky. New York: Oxford University Press. 120 pages. $1.

THE writing of a good literary manual must be an extremely difficult task. Not alone must a great deal be dispensed in small space: much arduous effort of choice, rather than displayed as in the usual critique, must be concealed under the cover of catholic impartiality. The personal impression, however brilliant, is out of place in a good literary guidebook. And yet the clearest personal vision is required to present the features of a literature in the calm essential manner which convinces precisely that the personal bias is not there. This volume by Prince Mirsky, lecturer in Russian literature at the University of London, strikes me therefore as a feat of no small merit. It is written consistently from a determined viewpoint: it is as "composed," indeed, as a political tract. And yet it conveys the requisite impression of serene detachment.

The Prince has made up his mind to discuss Russian literature as literature. He has thus deliberately set his face against the commanding tendency of the West to grow sentimental, rhapsodic or mystical about Russian books. Russian letters may be a miracle, in the common sense that the hand of God is present in the works of man. But if present, it has functioned here as elsewhere: in accord with the organic laws and quite germanely with other chapters of the human spirit. Russian literature may be Scripture: but only if Scripture be a part of literature. The unemphatic, authoritative manner in which Prince Mirsky has made this clear gives his book real value.

Russian literature is a child of the marriage of two sources: the ordered experience of Russia and the classic discipline of France. Russian inspiration did not spring, full-voiced, from the clumsy inarticulate peasant. The peasant, to begin with, like his master, was socialized and had a culture, even if he could not read. And when the Russian began to write, he went to school. He went to school, indeed, to the most logical and most formal regimen of modern Europe. And at first he stammered: then he elocuted, imitatively and wildly. His maturity was, as usual, the result of growth. Pushkin, greatest name in Russian letters, was above all a master of prosody, a purist, a dialectician in the laws of art. It was from the sure solidity of such a base as he, that Dostoyevsky was enabled to launch his parabolic scriptures.

Good models lay before Pushkin, Gogol, Aksakov, Lermontov, Turgenev and the others. "The real fathers of Russian Realism are Boileau, Molière and La Fontaine," writes Mirsky. And, by Realism, he means what might be called the major strain of Russian letters: for he includes in it not alone the great novelists, but dramatists like Ostrovsky, and critics like Herzen. To the "fathers" he might have added Racine. For it is clear in Dostoyevsky's letters and above all in the structure of his works, that Racine (after Gogol) was the commanding æsthetic influence in his maturity.

But the Russians did not come at once to the classic fountainhead of France: even their discovery of discipline and nurture was preceded by mistakes. The romanticism of the eighteenth century—Rousseau, Herder, Ossian, Novalis—had its repercussion eastward before the deeper seventeenth century was heeded. Romanticism with its appeal to "free expression" produced Karamzin, Zhukovsky, Derzhavin—men without substance. Lomonosov pointed the way to a harder school. Pushkin and Lermontov committed Russia to it. The loamy and mystic voice of the great East could not be raised, until it had learned the profound laws of literary grammar from the men of Paris.

And what is vast and divine in Russian letters is most firmly established in the classic mold. This is clear enough in Lermontov, in Turgenev, in Leskov, in Tchekhov: the organization of these lesser men is transparent and reveals under the romantic mood the forms of La Bruyère, of Benjamin Constant and of Musset. Less obvious but not less decisive is the mark of Saint Simon and Stendhal upon Tolstoy: and the moralism which determined the classic literary art of France from Corneille to Fénélon worked deeply upon Gogol, Goncharov, Tolstoy and the Turgenev of The Sportsman's Sketches.

The formal pre-eminence of Dostoyevsky has been greatly neglected. And yet the psychologic insight and mystical values for which he is famous are articulate only because of the æsthetic congruity of his work. There is nothing new about his spirit: it is the tremendous puissance of the body in which that spirit moves, which moved the world. Dostoyevsky's debt to the classic Tragedy of France is as great—and as ignored—as that of Ibsen.

Perhaps the most grateful detail in this little volume is the due credit given to Aksakov. It revives our hope that this supreme novelist may after all achieve some vogue among us. A Russian Gentleman, Years of Childhood and A Russian Schoolboy constitute one of the great trilogies of the modern novel; and by good fortune they have been englished by a rare master in the rare art of translation, Mr. J. D. Duff. It is natural that the more tendentious Russians should have been most welcome in a Western world lacking precisely that spiritual nurture which they provide. To our starved religious sense, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky were manna: to our social perplexity Gorky, Tchekhov and Andreyev brought documents and a viewpoint. Aksakov is as remote from these as Homer was remote from the confusions of Euripedes. Although he produced his great books in old age, and after the productivity of Gogol had ceased, Aksakov provides the source of the great Russian Novel. The old half-illiterate noble, the serf, the vast estate, the animals and fish and trees of the Russian steppe live here in the tranquillity of eternal nature. Here is the ocean-like world of Russia. Gogol was to twist it into irony and cartoon; Goncharov, Turgenev and Tolstoy were to endow it with the purpose of their dialectic; Dostoyevsky was to make it fuel for his prophetic flame; finally, the epigonic Bunin, Andreyev, Gorky were to shred and destroy it forever in their æsthetic preludes to the

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Revolution. But here is the substance. To know Russian literature without Aksakov is a little like knowing the Greek dramatists without having read Hesiod and Homer.

With more recent writers, I feel that Mirsky is less fair. He is doubtless correct in his estimate of the over-estimated Gorky. But in his stress upon the spiritual debt of Andreyev to Dostoyevsky, he neglected to remark the formal debt of contemporary European schools of the novel and the drama to Andreyev. Aksakov, the well tutored Russian "primitive," was unthinkable without the psychological portraitists of France. But similarly, the Expressionists of Germany are unimaginable without the background of the tragic author of The Black Maskers and The Victory of the Shadows.

The American, reading this swift digest of Russian literature, casts a comparative eye upon his own. There is no space here for analogies and contrasts between two vast lands. Let me dwell finally upon a single point. The free, authentic magnificence of Russian letters rose only after vigorous training in the discipline of a literary art alien in substance and remote in time. There is naught in French literature like Pushkin's Onegin, Aksakov's Stepan Mihailovich, Goncharov's Oblomov and the heroes of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. Yet these figures are universal because they are art, and because the laws of art are universal. These laws may be found and studied in many ages. But they must be mastered.

We too have a vast treasury of life to endow with enduring forms. Unless we achieve such forms, our power will vaporize in impotence and vagueness. When shall we learn that the highest energy calls for the strictest training?

W. F.

Synthetic Sociology

The Psychology of Human Society, by Charles A. Ellwood. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 479 pages. $2.50.

SYNTHESIS does not adequately describe what appears to be happening among the various sociological schools but it may suffice as an initial approximation. Particularism, at any rate, tends to disappear; we hear much less concerning *the* explanation and *the* cause, and a great deal more about probable causes and explanations. The comforting positivism of Comte with which sociology began its career disappears from the equation in direct ratio to the sociologist's use of scientific method. Also sociology has since the publication of Cooley's Human Nature and the Social Order taken its cues from psychology and biology rather than history and philosophy. And, although psychology is, as Bertrand Russell reminds us, "by no means an advanced science," it has already produced a sufficient body of facts concerning human behavior to undermine the generalized dogmas of early sociologists.

Professor Ellwood typifies these two compulsions, scientific method and psychology, which necessitates a restatement of sociological theory. As early as 1912 he wrote:

> The result of functional sociology is, therefore, to perceive the impossibility of understanding or interpreting the social life of man from the standpoint of any single mental element, such as instinct, imitation, sympathy, feeling, desire or intellect, or from the standpoint of any specialism such as geography, ethnology, economics, or political science. For it conclusively shows that all of these standpoints view the social life, not synthetically, but from the viewpoint of merely one of its instruments.

In the present volume he carries this point of view a step further by sifting from the various particularistic hypotheses factors which seem to him to possess sufficient integrity in the light of scientific inquiry to deserve a place in synthetic social theory. The result is not actually synthesis but rather conjunction; by adding together the various explanations of social conduct and then subtracting those which fail to explain according to his criteria, he secures a resultant which might be called a fusion or compound. This constitutes a useful exercise; it is in fact a necessary preliminary to synthesis for there can be no real synthetic process so long as mutually exclusive factors remain in the equation. In the end, Professor Ellwood's social theory contains or includes environmental, biological, cultural and psychical factors, and although he does not explicitly say so, this also represents roughly the inverted order of importance. He consistently eschews determinisms but the significance which is attached to intelligence and will and to the distinctively human qualities of these attributes indicates clearly the direction of his disposition.

The reader should, however, be allowed the opportunity for judging, temporarily at least, both Professor Ellwood's position and the kinds of categories and problems with which sociologists are now concerned; this can probably be achieved more effectively by permitting the author to speak for himself. The ensuing quotations and definitions have been purposely chosen with the aim of displaying the manner in which Professor Ellwood conceives his problem as a sociologist:

> After all, sociology, like all other sciences, is defined by its problems.
>
> It is the concrete group, rather than the abstract society, that is the primary datum of present-day sociology.
>
> It is, therefore, the psychic element which constitutes the "social"; or to put it in other words, it is intermental life in a group of individuals which makes possible "social life."
>
> The instinctive reactions of man are little more than a complex series of natural impulses or reflexes which may be modified by experience and built up into permanent habits.
>
> Behavior, as we find it in human society, is an indefinite compound of instinct, habit, feeling and intelligence.
>
> A group, whatever else it may be, is a mass of interactions between the individuals who compose it.
>
> There is such a thing, therefore, as a collective mental life in a human social group, in the sense that there is a coördination and integration of these intermental processes.
>
> Social consciousness: a conscious state which is a heightened state of individual consciousness, in which each individual in the group is more or less conscious of the relation of his activities to the activities of the group as a whole.
>
> Culture: tool making, institution making, and value or standard making . . . Probably the first form of culture was language and the first "tool" the spoken word.
>
> Intelligence: the capacity to improve upon natural tendencies through profiting by prior experience . . . The most general mark of intelligence is problem-solving ability.
>
> Feeling: the most primitive evaluator of activity.
>
> Religion is essentially an idealization of social values and a projection of them into the universe.

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Social progress: better adjustment of all factors in the life of a group, whether internal or external, to a wider, more universal environment.

We need to socialize and moralize the competitive process in human relations.

The above affirmations, standing as they do without relation to context, fail to do justice to the scope of Professor Ellwood's text; they do, nevertheless, reveal the general tendency of his thinking. He projects, not a full-blown system of sociology, but rather a critical review of sociological theories. The residue of his criticisms constitutes his chief personal contribution to the thesis. The book, although designed primarily as an elementary text in sociological theory, should be helpful to those who still believe that sociology is what it was twenty years ago. Its defects, which are largely those common to all texts which aim at inclusiveness, I leave to less sympathetic critics.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Bitterness and Beauty

Roan Stallion, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: Boni and Liveright. 253 pages. $3.

You Who Have Dreams, by Maxwell Anderson. New York: Simon and Schuster. 71 pages. $2.

Caravan, by Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 77 pages. $1.50.

Tiger Joy, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: George H. Doran Company. 119 pages. $1.75.

IN the Spring of 1925 a New York linotyper named Peter G. Boyle, whose name should be remembered in the orisons of all poets and poetry lovers, published a thin gray and gold book, entitled Tamar, and Other Poems, by Robinson Jeffers. The chorus of praise and astonishment that greeted this humbly printed volume by a man then quite unknown was responsible for the recent publication of a book twice the thickness of the first, called Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems. This second volume, which includes the contents of the first, together with almost as many new pieces, confirms the reader in the belief that Robinson Jeffers ranks with the foremost American poets not only of his generation, but of all the generations that preceded him. Of the future, no one can speak. If Whitman could beget Jeffers, who knows what seed Jeffers shall have sown?

One thinks of Whitman first, because Jeffers employs a large loose strophe related to, however dissimilar from, that of the elder singer, and also because Jeffers, planted as Whitman was, in the America of his time, remains, more than Whitman, singularly aware of continents and ages far from his own. Here is the power that flows sap-like through Leaves of Grass, here is the peace whose heavy wings brooded above the seer of These States. But here is none of the easy sentimentality, none of the weary cataloguing that spoil so large a part of Whitman's performance. Jeffers has the virility and the vision, and, beyond that, a sceptic intelligence, a disciplined technic.

All this was evidenced in the earlier book. What the new volume shows more clearly is the stern Greek strain this California poet possesses. "Greek" has come to connote for our modern world an Apollonian approach to life, a sense of measure and order and significance, a dignity under the whips of circumstance, a tolerance which, like Christian charity, suffereth long and is kind. We are apt to forget that Homer and Æschylus and Socrates came of a Mediterranean people, fierce, perverse, hot-blooded folk, who made their gods in their own image, lustful and jealous and keen for vengeance, and whose oldest myths centred about incest and mother-murder. Jeffers's poetry is Greek in two respects: it shows the large serenity of Greek thought at its highest, and it deals bravely in contemporary terms with the old terrible importunate Greek themes. Roan Stallion is the tale of a woman who was mastered by a horse which she worshiped as she could never worship her husband—a centaur legend. Tamar has to do with a girl who was desired by both her brother and her father, and who allowed the former to possess her—the house of Atreus established and wrecked upon the California coast. The Tower Beyond Tragedy is a revivification of Orestes's story, in lines as rich and sounding and authoritative as bronze trumpets. There is no figure touched here but comes alive, and the whole narrative has movement, depth, tension, to an extraordinary degree. The magnificent passage in which Cassandra, calling down curses on her prosperous enemies, foretells the wars and dooms that are to be, prophesying the glacial end of all, is sufficient crown for any book. Interestingly enough, the short lyrics bear the same impress as the large narrative poems, are grounded in the same philosophy, assert the same conviction. In more than one passage Jeffers tells us what a poem needs, but nowhere does he more aptly describe his own work than in the concluding lines of Birds:

. . . for a poem
Needs multitude, multitudes of thoughts, all fierce, all flesh-eaters, musically clamorous
Bright hawks that hover and dart headlong, and ungainly
Gray hungers fledged with desire of transgression, salt-slimed beaks, from the sharp
Rock-shores of the world and the secret waters.

One turns from this stout book to the three slight sheaves of verse by Messrs. Anderson, Bynner and Benét, asking if the latter offer likewise "multitudes of thoughts, all fierce, all flesh-eaters, musically clamorous bright hawks," asking how far their work gives point to Jeffers's statement:

. . . it is bitter earnestness
that makes beauty.

You Who Have Dreams, for all the dangerous softness of its title, contains thoughts savage and carnivorous enough, and is marked throughout by "bitter earnestness." Anderson too has envisaged horrors, perhaps at closer range, and can relate them unshrinkingly. He too measures the life of man by the life of stars, and swallows his draught of darkness with stoic patience, if not with Jeffers's relish. He lacks the wide calm of the Western poet, but he has a quietness of his own: the quietness of resignation. There is only a whisper of Cassandra. One hears less of the ages than of age. Some of his verses move toward a climax which they fail to achieve—a fault not discoverable in the Roan Stallion collection. He seems also to show a great love of words for their own sake, a fact that makes for fine music in his lines, but that works for weakness in his thought. Among the tiny prose poems called Epigrams with which he concludes are one or two of his most delightful pieces. Winter Song, which is the epilogue to the book, is so perfect in itself and so typical of the poet at his high moments that I shall quote its final stanza:

Come the dark, and end the year
Come the end of sun and sound,

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You, who were spring's follower,
Sing, and dog the spring around,
Follow spring into the ground,
There to lie with her.

There is nothing quite so good as this lyric in Caravan, the book with which Witter Bynner breaks a five years' silence. The title suggests Eastern vistas, intimates treasure of an exotic and even esoteric sort. That Mr. Bynner knows the Orient, and that he has already carried riches hence, all who have followed his work faithfully are aware. But this new volume holds neither the charmed mystery of Asia nor yet the clean athletic strength of the Occident. There is plenty of "earnestness" here—the poet is as sensible of his responsibilities as a citizen as ever he was—but he seems to be less keen about his responsibilities as an artist. Perhaps the earnestness isn't "bitter" enough, the thoughts aren't fierce enough. The most finished and haunting pieces in Caravan are the lighter lyrics, those with a touch of humor, like Pallor, or those in which fantasy plays with an evanescent loveliness, like Golden.

The new book of verse by Stephen Benét is of utterly different quality from any of the volumes considered above. It is a medley of everything from balladry to epitaphs, from dirges to nonsense rhymes. The ballads stand out as far and away the best things in the collection. I remember very well the thrill I got from the one called The Hemp in the blithe days when both its author and this reviewer were undergraduates, and the piece appeared in the Yale Literary Magazine. It is almost as exciting today. King David, which won the Nation poetry prize, is perhaps more widely known. And there are several more. Unfortunately, the very elements which contribute to the vigor and pulse and color of the ballads prove fatal to the other verses. The easily rolling rhythm, the facile rhyme, the blood-bright image, the thundering melodrama, these are excellent in their place, but their place is circumscribed. Some of the sonnets have good spots, but they seem, to quote a half-forgotten poet, to have been "never deeply felt nor clearly willed." And without both deep feeling and clear willing, no amount of churning can make verse curdle into solid poetry.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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Chairman: Paul H. Brissenden

Tickets at 75c. from
LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
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Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S THE **DYBBUK**

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

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